No. 915
Friday
10 Jan. '97

PRIVATE EYE

£1

EYE JANUARY SALE
– NOW ONLY £1

NEW TORY

NEW SCANDAL

SUBSCRIPTIONS

PRIVATE EYE

Subscriptions Office,
Mortimer House,
230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE

PRICE: £17

(Europe & Eire £25
Airmail/rest of the world: £33)

I enclose cheque for £ .....
for a year's subscription (26 issues)
OR please charge ACCESS/VISA

Card number: .....

.....

Expiry date: .....

Please send magazines to:
(please print and use the postcode)

Name: .....

.....

Address: .....

.....

.....

.....

Cardholder's name and address if different from above:
(please print and use the postcode)

Name: .....

.....

Address: .....

.....

.....

.....

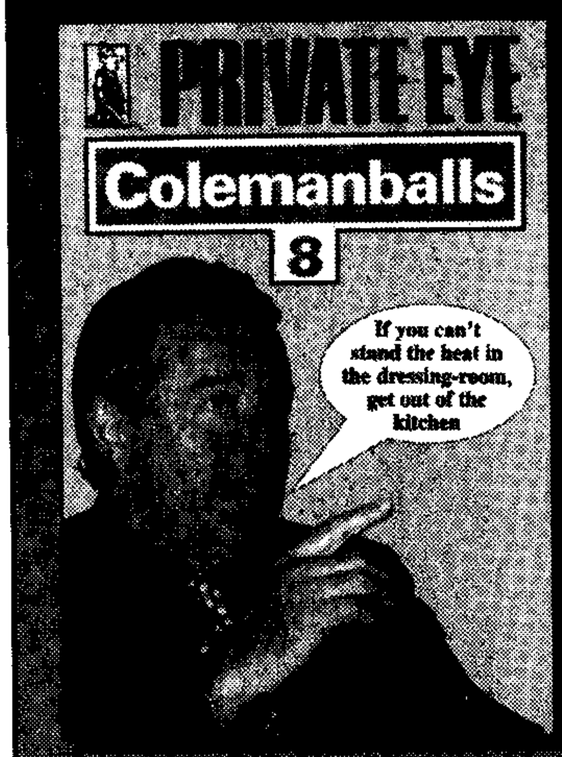
Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order OR Banker's Draft in £ sterling drawn on London OR ACCESS/VISA

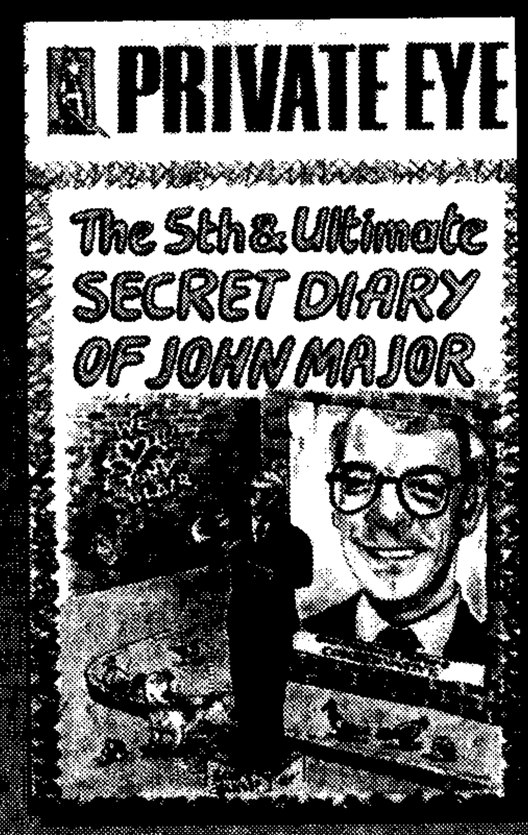
ORDER FORM

WHY NOT JUST–

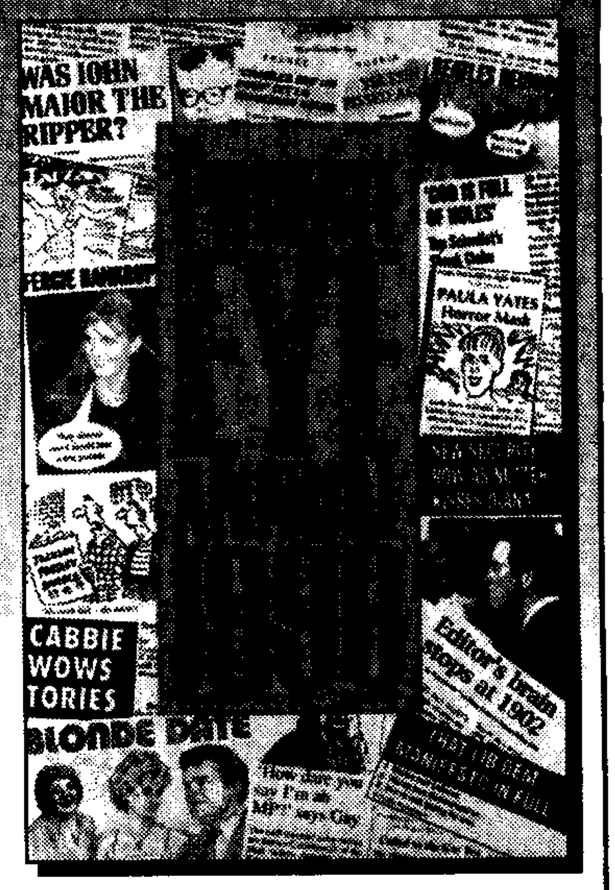
DIAL - A - SUB
0171 228 0425
FAX - A - SUB
0171 924 3719

PRIVATE EYE GAGS? WE GOT 'EM!





PRIVATE EYE
In retrospect, lighting the match was my big mistake. But I was only trying to retrieve the gerbil," Vito Bastone told bemused doctors in the Severe Burns Unit after Bastone, and his homosexual partner Kiki Rodriguez, had been admitted for emergency treatment. "I pushed a cardboard tube up his...
FUNNY OLD WORLD
compiled by Victor Lewis-Smith



'Hilarious...Frankly, this book should carry the warning: "Do not read this in a public place as your laughter may irritate others." '

BARRY TOOK, EVENING STANDARD

'Funnier than any other book under review'

THE TIMES

The new collection of Private Eye books

OUT NOW!

"GLORIOUSLY TRIUMPHANT
I DEFY ANYONE NOT TO FEEL THEIR HEART RISE, THIS IS A SUBLIME FILM"

The Express

"HUGELY UPLIFTING... A SYMPHONY TO LIFE"

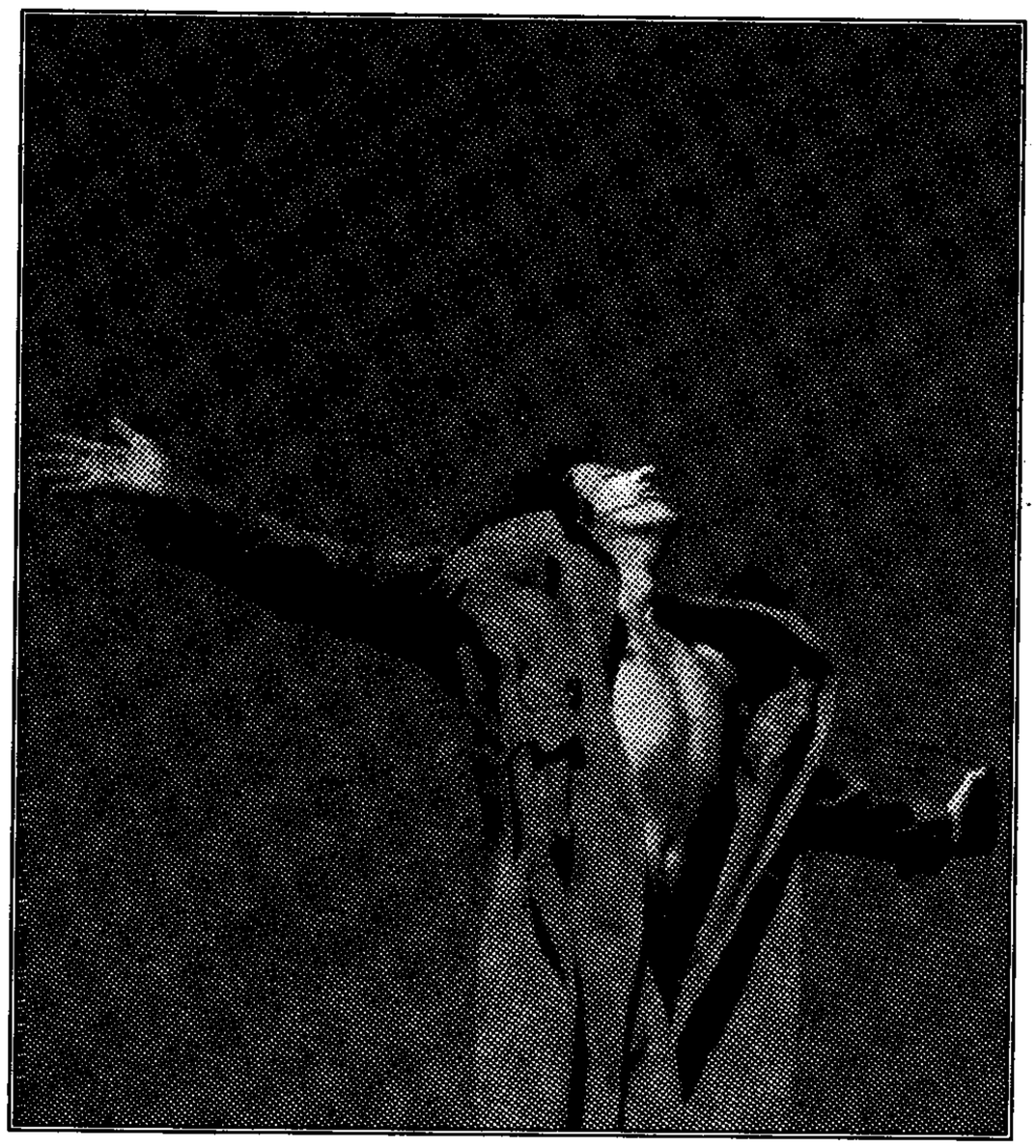
The Daily Telegraph

"SIMPLY ONE OF THE MOST BREATHTAKING FILMS OF THE YEAR"

The Daily Mail

"THE FIRST ESSENTIAL FILM OF THE NEW YEAR"

The Times



"EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE FROM GEOFFREY RUSH. SHINE WILL HAMMER BLOCK-CHORDS ON THE HARDEST HEART"

Time Out

"UNMISSABLE LIFE-AFFIRMING DRAMA WITH BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES"

NME

Nominated for 5 Golden Globes
Best Film
Best Actor
- Geoffrey Rush
Best Director
Best Screenplay
Best Original Score

Shine 12

WINNER of 9
Australian Film Institute Awards
including
Best Picture
Best Director
Best Actor
and Best Original Screenplay

PANDORA CINEMA PRESENTS A MOMENTUM FILMS PRODUCTION OF A SCOTT HICKS FILM ARMIN MUELLER-STAHL NOAH TAYLOR GEOFFREY RUSH LYNN REDGRAVE AND JOHN GIELGUD
STORY BY SCOTT HICKS CREATIVE CONSULTANT KERRY HEYSEN CASTING LIZ MULLINAR CONSULTANTS PRODUCTION DESIGN VICKI NIEHUS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY GEOFFREY SIMPSON A.S.C. EDITED BY PIP KARMEL MUSIC BY DAVID HIRSCHFELDER SCREENPLAY BY JAN SARDI PRODUCED BY JANE SCOTT DIRECTED BY SCOTT HICKS

FINANCED BY THE AUSTRALIAN FILM FINANCE CORPORATION · DEVELOPED AND PRODUCED WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN FILM CORPORATION · DEVELOPED AND PRODUCED WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF FILM VICTORIA · PRODUCED WITH FINANCIAL AND MARKETING ASSISTANCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN FILM COMMISSION

©1996 AUSTRALIAN FILM FINANCE CORPORATION LIMITED, MOMENTUM FILMS PTY LIMITED THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN FILM CORPORATION AND FILM VICTORIA DISTRIBUTED BY BUENA VISTA INTERNATIONAL (UK) LTD.

THE SCREENPLAY OF SHINE BY JAN SARDI IS AVAILABLE FROM paperbacks
SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON CDS AND CASSETTES
pandora MIRAMAX
CLASSIC fM 100-102FM

NOW SHOWING

CURZON MAYFAIR
CURZON ST, LONDON, W1
(0171) 369 1720

WARNER WEST END
LEICESTER SQ.
0171-437 4347

CHELSEA CINEMA
206 KING'S ROAD 0171.351 3742

ODEON HAYMARKET
0171 839 7697

ODEON KENSINGTON
0171 371 3166

GATE CINEMA
NOTTING HILL GATE
0171 727 4043

The Screen on the Hill
0171-435 3366

RITZY CINEMA
BRIXTON · 0171 737 2121

RICHMOND FILMHOUSE
0181-332 0090

CLAPHAM
0171 498 3323

Barbican
0171-638 8891

Turn holiday living into a fine art, take one of our traditional Italian properties: farmhouses, villas and apartments in Tuscany, Umbria, Lake Garda, Sicily, Venice, the Marches and the Amalfi Coast. Many with pool. Travel facilities available.

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (0990) 143683
QUOTE I005 *Or write to:*
Vacanze in Italia, Dept I005, Bignor, Pulborough, West Sussex RH20 1QD.

VACANZE IN ITALIA

THE ART OF LIVING IN ITALY

AITO BOND 1010 ATOL 2433

Country Cottages in Ireland

A MAGICAL choice of delightful holiday properties in Kerry, Cork, Clare & Galway; from a converted coach house to a Georgian rectory. Free full colour brochure.

RING (0990) 851166
QUOTE G147 (24 Hrs)

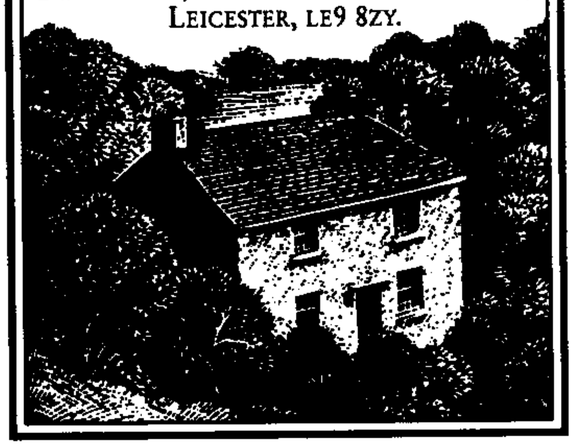
OR WRITE TO: COUNTRY COTTAGES IN IRELAND, DEPT G147, P.O. BOX 18, EARL SHILTON, LEICESTER, LE9 8ZY.

Llovely Welsh Cottages

A SUPERIOR selection of quality holiday cottages in the best areas of Wales. Free 68 page colour brochure.

RING (0990) 851122
QUOTE W108 (24 Hrs)

OR WRITE: WELSH COUNTRY COTTAGES, DEPT. W108, P.O. BOX 18 EARL SHILTON, LEICESTER, LE9 8ZY.



Unloch a cottage in Scotland

EXCEPTIONAL holiday properties in the most beautiful areas of Scotland. From stone-built cottages and gamekeepers' lodges to historic mansions and grand ancestral homes.

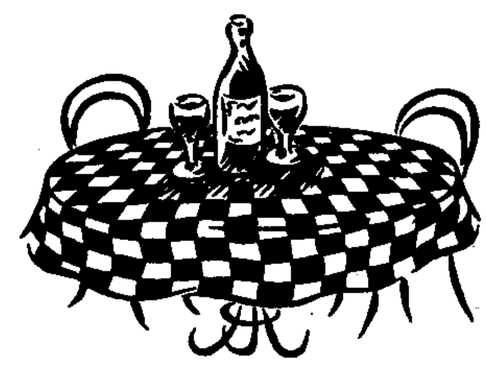
FREE 84 PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (0990) 851133
QUOTE S118 (24 Hrs)

OR WRITE:
COUNTRY COTTAGES IN SCOTLAND, DEPT. S118, P.O. BOX 18, EARL SHILTON, LEICESTER LE9 8ZY.

FRANCE

NO ONE COMES CLOSER TO FRANCE.

Farmhouses in Provence, châteaux in the Loire, cottages in Burgundy. A superior selection of traditional holiday houses of character and quality in France and Corsica. Many with swimming pool. Full range of travel facilities available.



FREE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (0990) 143681
QUOTE REF: F050

Or write to:
Vacances en Campagne, Dept. F050, Bignor, Pulborough, W. Sussex RH20 1QD.

Vacances en Campagne

AITO BOND 1010 ATOL 2433

Our chocolate box cottages are often white ~ but never plain.

ROSEMULLION COTTAGE, HELFORD, CORNWALL. This deliciously English 17th century cottage is covered in roses, topped with thatch and nestles close to the River Helford and fabled Frenchman's Creek. With a tempting selection of cosy pubs and enticing restaurants nearby, it's the sweetest centre for a holiday.

From here, you can fish, ride and sail or explore the Lizard's sandy coves. You might think it hard to find a more tempting holiday setting. But there, you'd be surprised – every English Country Cottage is a delight.

Our brochure contains a rich variety of equally enchanting properties from a farmhouse to a castle, all chosen for their style, character, quality and location. An English Country Cottage puts you in touch with the hidden beauty of England. Send for your free copy.

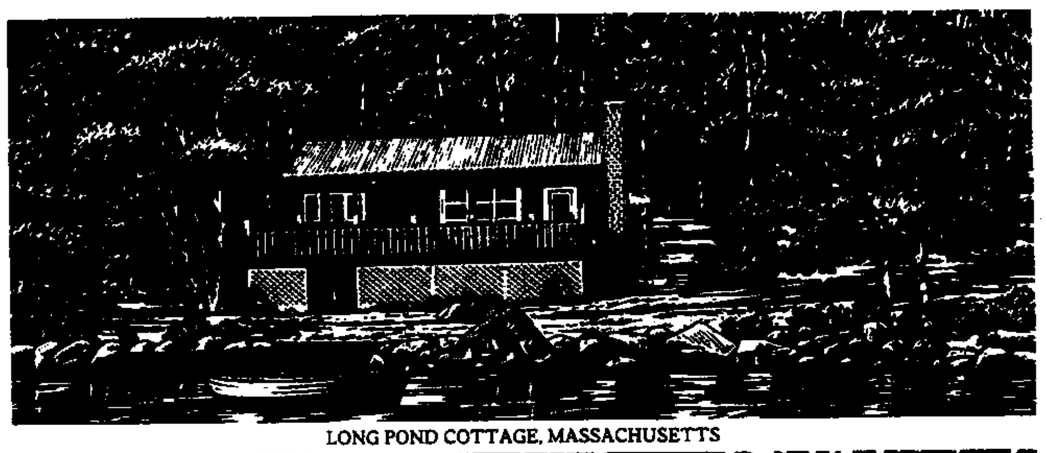
FREE 444 PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (01455) 852222
QUOTE REF E246 (24 HOUR SERVICE)

Or post: English Country Cottages, Dept. E246 P.O. Box 18, Earl Shilton, Leicester LE9 8ZY.

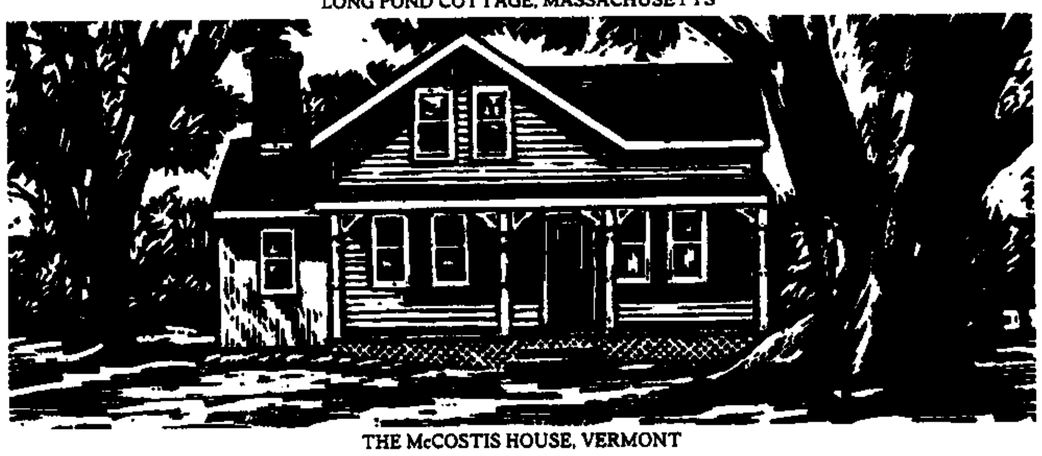
Name & Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

The outstanding properties of
English Country Cottages



LONG POND COTTAGE, MASSACHUSETTS



THE McCOSTIS HOUSE, VERMONT

The new way to discover America.

Two weeks in a traditional New England house (including flights, car hire, hotel stopover and insurances) from £675* per person low season and from £975* per person high season.

Choose from a superb collection of carefully selected coastal, lakeside and inland properties in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts (including Cape Cod).

FREE 132 PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE
CALL (0990) 143686 (24Hrs) Quote N130

Or post: New England Country Homes, Dept. N130, Bignor, Pulborough, RH20 1QD.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____ Postcode _____

*Prices based on group of four sharing.

NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY HOMES

ATOL 2984

Gnome

AMIDST all the fuss about the Labour party's absurd plans to reform the House of Lords it is instructive to be reminded that the much-reviled hereditary peers are, in reality, no different from the rest of the country.

The fact that my own son, the Hon Kevin Gnome, is currently in jail after an inexplicable failure to pay alimony to his delightful ex-wife Cheryl and daughter Kevinella must surely reassure people that those who are due to inherit prestigious titles are much the same as the bulk of the population: with problems and experiences just like theirs.

Kevin, who will become the 7th Viscount Gnomesdale, 15th Baron de Gnome and 94th Baronet Gnome, is an unpleasant, shiftless, untrustworthy little snake whom I sadly had to pay off years ago with a million-pound cheque. That is the way with most families nowadays.

Yet, on my death he will still take his rightful seat in the House of Lords as one of this country's premier legislators.

I think that all of us, whether new Labour or new Conservative, can feel reassured by the triumph of "classlessness" which this represents.

E. Strobes
Lord Gnome
Gnomedale Hall
Gnomeshire

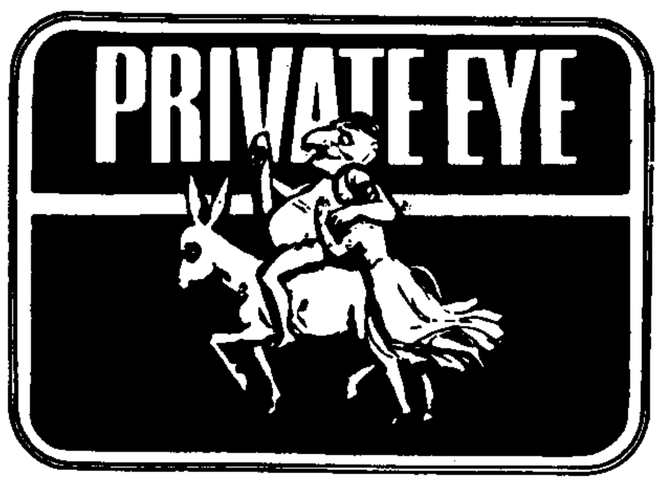
"It's from Head Office. They're going to replace me with a younger man"

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£17 per annum. Europe and Eire £25.
Airmail – rest of world £33.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.

PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Tel: 0171-228 0588. Fax: 0171-924 3719.
Email: eyesubs@cix.compulink.co.uk

EDITORIAL
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.
Email: strobes@cix.compulink.co.uk
WWW:http://www.compulink.co.uk/~private-eye/



COLOUR SECTION

AMID last week's brouhaha about the proposed Fred West movie, frontbenchers from both parties as well as the president of the Law Society went out of their way to stress that the official solicitor, Peter Harris, should not be blamed.

By selling the West archive to Portman Entertainment [*sic*], he was merely performing his legal duty of trying to maximise revenue for the Wests' heirs and descendants. As countless experts insisted, he is officially obliged to act only in the interests of the children, regardless of any considerations of decency or decorum.

Can this Peter Harris, who is apparently happy to help film companies cash in on the Cromwell Street murders, be the same Peter Harris who has spent thousands of pounds over the past two years seeking to suppress a Carlton TV film about Flora Keays, the daughter of Sara Keays and Cecil Parkinson? Amazingly, it is indeed he.

Unlike the West schlockbuster, the Flora Keays documentary is neither tasteless nor exploitative. Instead, it shows the astonishing transformation achieved during her spell at Professor Reuven Feuerstein's institute in Jerusalem, which changed her from a child who couldn't sit still or concentrate for more than 30 seconds into a young girl who loved lessons and was able to listen and learn. Mr Justice Cazalet, a high court judge, has accepted that the film would not be "disruptive or intrusive" to Flora, and that it might well be valuable to the parents of other children with learning disabilities (of which there are thought to be half a million in this country).

Nevertheless, the programme cannot be shown — and all because of the official solicitor's dogged insistence on maintaining a "gagging order" obtained by Cecil Parkinson several years ago, which bans any public discussion of Flora's "education, maintenance or financial circumstances". Even when it was pointed out that the film wouldn't mention Parkinson, Harris still persisted with his (successful) attempts to have it suppressed.

In the past year, the injunction has been breached repeatedly by most of the press. Last August, for instance, the *Sunday Telegraph* carried a long feature about Professor Feuerstein and the miraculous results he achieved with Flora Keays — making exactly the same points as the banned Carlton TV documentary. The official solicitor took no action, presumably because he realised it would be the most pointless exercise in stable-door bolting since the *Spycatcher* fiasco. Nevertheless, he still refuses to drop his opposition to the film. Having been thwarted by him in this country, the programme-makers are now taking their case to Europe, where they will probably win — but only after running up yet more legal bills.

Those defenders of Harris who assured us last week that he was "merely doing his job" should recall that he also has a duty to the taxpayer. How, then, can he justify squandering public money on an obsessive campaign against a film whose contents are already in the public domain — a film which will cause no harm to anyone but might do a lot of good? As the *Eye* has pointed out before, the injunction against Keays is known as a Mary Bell Order, named after the notorious child killer. If only Flora Keays were a murderer, like Mary Bell herself and Fred and Rose West, perhaps Peter Harris might be more cooperative.

AMERICAN utilities looking for a soft touch have bought the companies which distribute electricity to 10 million of Britain's 20 million homes and are anticipating making a fine killing after they have sacked enough staff.

Windfall tax or no under a future Labour government, the Americans reckon that with a business-friendly regulator like Stephen Littlechild they will do better over here than at home where consumers count for something.

The department of trade and industry, under a weak minister like Ian Lang, has not even tried to halt the movement to America. It could have referred the bids to the monopolies commission on the grounds that price regulation would be impossible if most of the RECs became part of larger conglomerates where the details would become lost in the accounts.

Littlechild talks hopefully about "ring-fencing" the RECs but this is a pious hope: he was hoodwinked even when the companies were UK-owned. They have been able to salt away stockpiles of cash — a fact accidentally revealed by Northern Electric during its defence against a takeover. It put out a news release saying: "Payment of a windfall tax as high as £81 million would not prevent Northern Electric from realising dividend objectives." It, and the other RECs, talked differently at Westminster.

SHOULD it really matter what Mr Hayes does, or whom he does it with, when the lights are out? Every one has a sex life of some sort. They range between the intense and the barren, the fulfilling and the frustrating and sometimes they are all these things rolled into one. Most people recognise this which is why it doesn't seem as if the attempt to finger Mr Hayes has been very effective.

Grauniad

THE latest hiccup on the Channel tunnel — an electrical fault which stranded 469 people on an undersea train for two-and-a-half hours — came just where it was unwelcome and where it should have been expected: in the short section where there is two-way working, introduced as a temporary measure to bypass the scene of the fire.

This is where the electrical system is subjected to twice the normal traffic as the trains going north and south both use the same stretch of track. It is also the section where there could be a head-on collision if anything went wrong.

- ***Hallo! to Yvonne and Brian*** 7
- ***Knobby the Knob*** 7
- ***In The Tearoom with Urquhart*** 8
- ***Square Eyes on Rebecca*** et al 10
- ***Literary Review on Patrick O'Brian*** 25
- ***Foot on Scott and Scot*** 26

"It certainly puts our centuries of hostility into perspective"

Street Of Shame

THE policy of the *Daily Telegraph* sports department of heavily promoting a handful of "star" writers at the expense of topicality, sharpness and in-depth reporting has backfired badly in the case of the supposedly humorous cricket writer Martin Johnson.

Johnson was sent to cover England's tour of Zimbabwe in the hope of "lightening up" the coverage. Instead he produced a stream of laboured jokes which earned him the hatred of both players and management. No harm in that perhaps; but Johnson's relentless flippancy has also enraged the *Telegraph*'s readers, who expect their journalists to take cricket seriously — or at least not show such obvious contempt for the game.

On 30 December, two anti-Johnson letters were printed in the paper — along with one in favour, which sports editor David Welch insisted on including by way of "balance". Some balance: 40 letters were received that week, and all but one of them complained about Johnson's style. The previous week there was a similar number, all against. Many other readers have been telephoning the sports desk to lodge their protests.

Welch is unmoved by the fuss, regarding it as a vindication of his belief in promoting hacks as celebrities. But his colleagues are in despair. At their Christmas lunch they circulated another letter sent in by a reader last November. "How good to see that the *Daily Telegraph* has still got its sporting priorities right," it began. "Last Saturday, 26 October, you had 14 photographs of sports journalists and 14 photographs of active sporting persons. 12 October was even better — journalists 18, players 9. When will the rest of the press realise that what the Great British public wants is not to have to gaze at Gazza or Colin Montgomerie or that strange-looking American tennis player who's a born-again Christian, but at E.W. Swanton and Sue Mott and Henry Winter and Sue Mott and Giles Smith and Sue Mott and Michael Parkinson and — well, perhaps not Michael Parkinson, but certainly Sue Mott."

Oddly enough, the letter was not published.

PHIL GUNSON, Latin America correspondent for the *Guardian* and *Observer*, has been grumbling for months about the papers' lack of interest in Peruvian affairs. Early last month he was furious when the *Guardian* failed to give front-page treatment to a piece he had written on the Incas.

But then on 17 December Tupac Amaru guerrillas seized 500 hostages at the Japanese ambassador's residence. The *Grauniad*'s foreign editor, Simon Tisdall, rang Gunson in Lima to inform him that he could have all the front-page space he desired.

To Tisdall's amazement, Gunson said he would be unable to file. A mere 12 hours after the start of the siege — the biggest Peruvian news in years — the *Grauniad*'s man on the spot displayed his sharp eye for a story by departing to spend a few days in Mexico.

IN HIS Christmas message to readers of the *Sunday Times*'s "Attrocious" column (*shurely "Atticus"? Ed.*), Taki took a break from fawning over Jimmy Goldsmith to deliver a stern rebuke to George Soros, who had had the temerity to propose research into the use of marijuana for medicinal purposes.

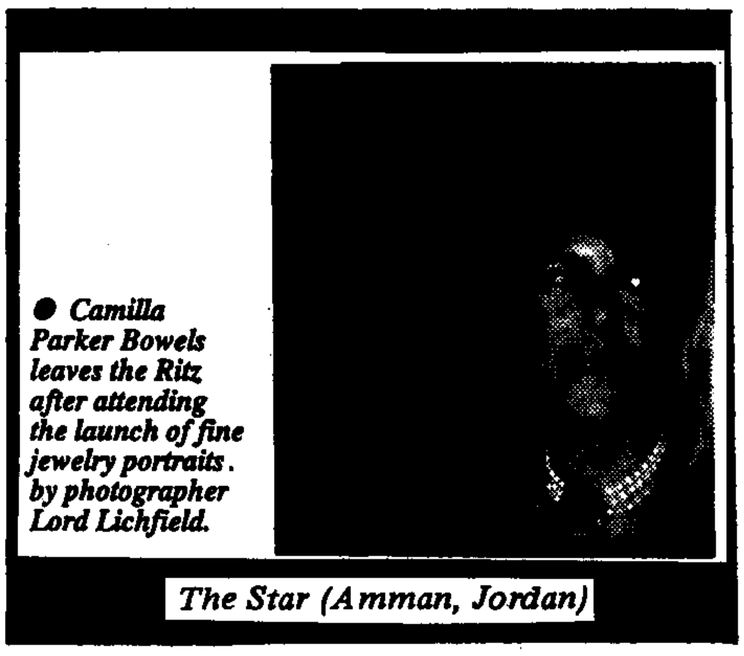
"The issue was really an arrogant social experiment that the ultra-liberal Soros and his followers intend to lead to the full legalisation of cannabis," the Greek moralist raged. "And what next? Cocaine, heroin and other drugs? Soros made his $2 billion fortune by gambling in currencies. Good for him — but now he wants to gamble with our children's futures. I'd rather see him boiled alive in steaming Hungarian goulash."

Can this Taki by any chance be related to the convicted cocaine-smuggler of the same name? Presumably not.

THANKS to his singleminded obsession with Whitewater and other Clintonesque scandals, Ambrose Evans-Pritchard of the *Sunday Torygraph* has long been regarded by other hacks in Washington as a bit of a fruitcake. Now even his own newspaper seems to have come round to this view.

The *Torygraph*'s last edition of 1996 ran a big feature on the front of the Review section by James Langton, headed "The Year of Conspiracies", which mocked the ludicrous theories circulating on the internet about everything from O.J. Simpson to the British royal family. A lengthy section dealt with the allegations levelled in cyberspace against Bill Clinton, including tales of a drug-smuggling operation run from the Mena airstrip in Arkansas while Clintstone was governor, plus rumours of cocaine-fuelled orgies and "suspicious deaths".

These wild stories were dismissed by Langton in the *Sunday Telegraph* as "the mutters of nutters, the deluded ramblings of a lonely fellowship of Net-nerds, feeding on each other's paranoia... It comes as no surprise that *The X-Files* is hugely popular on the Net."



● *Camilla Parker Bowels leaves the Ritz after attending the launch of fine jewelry portraits. by photographer Lord Lichfield.*

The Star (Amman, Jordan)

PANIC stations at the London *Evening Standard* last Thursday, as orders came from editor Max "Hitler" Hastings to pull an item which was due to lead the paper's diary column. The suppressed story alleged that former *Mirror* editor Richard Stott might soon be appointed editor of the *Express* by its Labour-supporting proprietor, Lord Hollick.

Why did the *Standard* drop the report? One theory is that Hitler, who has not been a conspicuous success at the *Standard*, doesn't really belong to the *Mail* family which now owns the paper. What could be more agreeable than to quit his local evening rag and return to the national newspaper scene as editor of the *Express*?

Naturally, he would not want his own paper to speculate on Stott getting the job. And he may know better?

DESPERATE hacks at the cash-starved *Express* are furious that God-fearing editor Richard Addis has awarded a massive pay rise of £6,000 to his secretary, shapely 26-year-old Georgie Brewster.

Their own miserly rises for producing the exciting new seven-day paper averaged just £1,000, with many getting nothing at all, as well as having their expenses slashed.

An irate delegation has written to the paper's boss, stern moralist Lord "Alco" Hollick, demanding to know what services Georgia could possibly be providing to justify her 25 per cent pay hike.

OVERWORKED *Sunset Times* hacks are still unfamiliar with new recruit Sarah Baxter, recently brought in to edit the rag's Review section.

At their Christmas Party one over-emotional hack became animated when he thought he spotted Tara Palmer-Tompkinson, celebrity columnist in the ultra-pisspoor Style section. He stumbled over to her and spluttered: "Are you Tara Para Talmer-Pompkinson by any chance?"

"No" replied an astounded Baxter. When she realised she'd been mistaken for the nation's favourite bimbo she added sadly: "I'm less of an It girl — more of a 'Who's that?' girl."

***DAILY MIRROR* hacks are baffled by an outbreak of paranormal sexual phenomena on the increasingly moronic rag.**

First, at a drunken Christmas party thrown by editor Piers "Boy" Morgan, for his pitiful executives, a bemused Gazza lookalike was bundled on as a "witty" surprise.

The Gazza counterfeit soon fled this appalling bacchanalian scene in some confusion, "Boy" Morgan yelling bizarrely after him: "Oi, by the way — don't forget I shagged your wife!"

Even odder, however, were the Xmas cards received by *Mirror* executives of veteran hack Harry Arnold posing stark naked — save for an extremely inadequate fig-leaf.

Poor Harry, formerly the *Sun*'s royal reporter, is mortified. Though the card carries what appears to be his signature, the red-faced hack is mystified who could have sent the revealing snaps, taken by his girlfriend Mary during their holiday in the South of France last summer.

AS BEFITS the liberal conscience of Fleet Street, the *Guardian* celebrated the festive season with exceptional liberality.

One of many highlights was the columnists' Christmas lunch in a local Greek restaurant — for which the paper's deputy "op ed" editor, Bill Smithies, had the bright idea of hiring a belly dancer. "I wouldn't do that, Bill," he had been warned by his boss, David Rowan. "Some of the country's most hardcore feminists are going to be there."

Undeterred, Smithies booked her anyway; and at 3pm, just as the metaxa was circulating, a scantily-clad wiggler duly shimmied into the taverna and began waggling her ample protuberances. An outraged Paul Foot (*Who he? Ed*) passed a note to "Queen" Bea Campbell, asking if they should walk out in protest. "Certainly not," Campbell replied. "She is a worker, and we should support working women."

Following Campbell's lead, all the "hardcore feminists" — Linda Grant, Ros Coward, Natasha Walter — stayed to enjoy the fun. *Grauniad* editor Alan Rusbridger also remained, squirming with embarrassment as the dancer attempted to sit on his lap. Paul Spart's call for a walk-out was taken up only by the supposedly unshockable hackette Catherine Bennett.

Things were little better at the *Grauniad* features department party, held in a church crypt, where burly bouncers patrolled the room to ensure good behaviour. When one *Grauniad* columnist installed himself at a piano and attempted to play a Christmas carol, one of these jobsworths immediately slammed the piano-lid down on his knuckles and ordered him to leave at once.

Afterwards, several hacks repaired to the *Grauniad* office for a nightcap. Emboldened by infusions of Christmas spirit, young features executive Ed Pilkington grabbed Rusbridger by the lapels. "You musht be feeling pretty vulnerable, Alan," he suggested.

"Why?" his puzzled editor asked.

"Because today's paper was crap. Any more issues like that and your job's on the line."

The next morning, an ashen-faced Pilkington was found wandering around the office, desperately seeking reassurance from his colleagues. "Alan has got a sense of humour," he pleaded, "hasn't he?" We shall see.

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

IN A Christmas feature for the *Sunset Times*, arts hack Robert Hewison and his seven-year-old daughter Vita were despatched to sample the London pantomimes. Their verdict was unanimous: by far the best show in town was *Le Cercle Invisible*, a rather pretentious little entertainment at the Mermaid Theatre. "Perfect, beautiful and magical," Hewison cooed. His daughter was even more emphatic: "If it came to a choice between *Le Cercle Invisible* and a visit to McDonald's. I would choose *Le Cercle Invisible*."

These rave reviews must have delighted Erica Bolton, the PR woman who is in charge of publicising *Le Cercle Invisible*. By happy coincidence, she is Robert Hewison's wife.

"NO LAUGHING Matter as Comics Back IRA Man" screamed a *Daily Mail* headline in the week before Christmas. It was referring to a benefit show organised by comedian Jeremy Hardy to raise funds for the campaign to free Danny McNamee, who was convicted of blowing up four Household Cavalry soldiers in Hyde Park in 1982.

"I don't think people in the public eye, like these comedians, should use their position to support the IRA," Tory MP James Cran told the paper.

Both he and the *Mail* overlooked a rather important fact. Jeremy Hardy and his fellow-campaigners have long argued that McNamee didn't commit the crime, and that — like Judith Ward, the Birmingham Six and the Guildford Four — he is the victim of a miscarriage of justice. They have never said anything to suggest that they support the IRA.

A solicitor's letter was duly despatched — and, lo and behold, the fearless *Mail* capitulated at once. It has agreed to publish a grovelling apology, while James Cran MP has been obliged to donate £1,000 to Amnesty International. No laughing matter indeed.

ANDREW "Brillo Pad" Neill has always been a staunch opponent of the Provisional IRA, which does not bode well for Kevin McKenna, sports editor of *Scotland on Sunday* — one of the papers over which McBrillo now presides as editor-in-chief.

For in his previous incarnation as editor of Celtic FC's official journal *Celtic View*, McKenna declared in October 1989 that the killing of 11 civilians at Enniskillen's Cenotaph was "a legitimate act of war" by the Provos. He added, for good measure, that Protestants were "low-lifes" who "bred illegitimate children like rabbits".

Oddly enough, when we drew attention to McKenna's combative views in *Eye* 840, shortly after his appointment at *Scotland on Sunday*, he assured us that he had no views whatsoever on Ireland or even any knowledge of the country — even though he was an enthusiastic member of the Troops Out movement at his university, and later contributed regularly to a Catholic paper in Belfast, the *Irish News*.

Still, perhaps the ever-generous Brillo Pad will believe him.

KNOBBY THE KNOB

HARLOW MP Jerry Hayes, who nurses a majority of less than 3,000, famously threatened to resign if John Major was defeated by John Redwood. Now he may have to go anyway after gay revelations in the *News of the Screws*.

Hayes's reprinted love letters are not the first time the curly-haired MP has made an embarrassing spectacle of himself. Last February on Channel 4's *Mark Thomas Comedy Product*, Hayes was invited to wear a six-foot penis. Unbeknown to him the cameras were rolling as he explained his reluctance to do so:

Thomas: We want to keep it as light as possible. What we want you to do if this is possible is there's a knob costume.

Hayes: Knobby the knob?

Thomas: It is Knobby the Knob.

Hayes: *[sees giant penis]* Oh no, I can't wear that.

Thomas: You've got to. The angle we're going to take is here's a politician in a knob costume. He is actually up for a laugh and willing not to be a crusty old fart.

Hayes: I don't mind putting a bear costume on but I'm not... That is the perfect tabloid photograph. You do a video lift on it *[Hayes stands holding the penis]* and I'm well and truly fucked. Put that on the front of a leaflet. You know he's Jerry Hayes. Oh fuck. You know.

Thomas: I can appreciate your worries.

Hayes: I'll wear anything you like. Well almost anything but not that. Oh God. The *Mirror*! I'd be crucified. I mean crucified. Fucked. You won't get anyone else to wear it.

Thomas: That's why we asked you, Jerry.

HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! TO Kensington Palace, for a new years's tipple with old drinking buddy, Princess Margaret. However, I'm astonished to see on prominent display a rather savage caricature by *Daily Express* cartoonist Griffin, showing a frumpy Duchess of York being chased by all her creditors, angrily waving writs — and, at the back, Princess Margaret, furiously brandishing a bouquet of flowers.

Last year, after La Freebiana sent flowers, the princess returned them *tout de suite* with a very rude note. Very regal. But cadging the original of a cruel cartoon from a salacious downmarket tabloid and then placing it, alongside the Christmas cards, on one's mantle? Tsst, Margaret. That's Essex girl behaviour.

"I'm sorry — it's already started"

HALLO! WHAT exactly is going on at the Prince of Wales's esteemed Institute of Architecture?

When its new director Richard Hodges wrote glowingly of its achievements in the *Times* recently, he completely forgot to mention that his sudden arrival coincided with Charles calling a meeting of the institute's existing sycophants — sorry "architectural thinkers" — and administering mass sackings.

One reason for his rare act of decisiveness was the lack of academic recognition achieved by the institute's expensive courses, a bit of a handicap for what is claimed to be a third level, post-grad orientated college.

Still, the new director reckons his boss's plaything "has broken new ground in architectural thinking", "pioneered entirely new ways of teaching", become "a force which crusaded for change", "seen remarkable success" and "had an important impact on traditional tertiary education". Odd then that there are hardly any registered students and its publications are widely seen as a joke. And if everything is so tickety-boo, why did Charles have to wield the axe? It's a mystery.

HALLO! NO ONE is more enraptured at that other brill new year's honour — Sir Paul McCartney! — than sweet little Yoko Ono, the saintly widow of John Lennon. As you can imagine, Yoko is thrilled to bits, even though she has always loathed the pushy Sir Paul.

Recently, alas, there's been considerably more aggravation between the pair due to a perfectly reasonable demand by the new knight. Lennon/McCartney may be one of the most famous songwriting combinations of all time, but now Sir Paul wants to make a change in the billing occasionally... to, er, McCartney/Lennon.

Yoko has refused point blank. How very mean.

HALLO! DASHING former defence minister Alan Clark is revealing ever-increasing signs of eccentricity.

When an attractive young slip of a girl from the William Hickey column of the *Express* recently rang the ageing Tory Lothario to ask about his long-awaited history of the Tory party (he has managed just 30 pages in one year), the former minister spent a happy half-hour on the phone giggling flirtatiously.

The editor of the column, John McEntee, was somewhat astonished then to receive a call shortly afterwards from Clark, who told him, for another 20 minutes, that he did not wish to receive any more calls from the Hickey column. "I wish to make it plain I have no complaints whatsoever about your reporter," barked Clark. "She was polite, professional and delightful. But in future I will neither confirm nor deny, and you can write what you want. No — let me finish my thesis! I wish to be barred from your column."

HALLO! MEANWHILE the megalomaniac warden of St George's, Windsor, the "think tank" founded by Prince Philip, continues his reign of terror.

Before Christmas, Professor Richard Whitfield called in terrified staff, one by one, and denounced reports about his vile behaviour in *Private Eye* as "half truths and lies". He threatened instant dismissal for anyone caught leaking information about his continuing bizarre conduct.

Whitfield, however, clearly has no intention of changing his own errant ways. He still plans to attend a freebie to Prague for the very peculiar World Congress of Families — despite other British participants dropping out because they found the organization too wacky and right-wing and fear it is bank-rolled by the Moonies.

'The Marquesa'

TREVVIES*

"... No one else could have done it. And I survived. It was like surviving a war."

MADONNA (on Evita)
Independent

For me, being in the film has been like being told you're good enough for the big league, although Madonna is like a great ship, which has passed very closely without making any real contact. Not ships that passed in the night, but a great ship passing a windsurfer, on the open sea.

PETER POLYCARPU
Sunday Telegraph

Contributors: Annie Taylor, Roy Brewer.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

*** formerly "Luvvies"**

IN THE TEAROOM

IF ALL this recent backroom Lib-Labbery heralds such a brave new world on the centre left, why has Paddy Pantsdown appointed such decidedly B list boobies to the consultative committee?

While Labour has fielded seasoned veterans from the party's high command — Jack Straw, Robin Cook, Donald Dewar and Ann Taylor — the Lib-Dem contingent is a rather ramshackle, home-guardish platoon.

Standing in for Captain Ashdown is the Liberal Democrats' "president", Robert Maclennan, the affable but crushingly dull Sergeant Wilson of the bench below the gangway. Then there's the naive West Country Eurosceptic Nick Harvey, tricked out in a nice warm scarf provided by his doting mum; the aged and verbally incontinent PR guru Lord "Tom" McNally (it wouldn't do to discuss House of Lords reform without a peer in the room); and Jim Wallace, that Private Frazer of the northern isles, there to speak dourly for Scotland and report back to the boss.

But where are the real movers and shakers? Where are Menzies Campbell, Charles Kennedy, Simon Hughes? How come Don Foster hasn't got in on this act... he gets in on every other one?

In the 1992 election tens of thousands of disillusioned folk in the home counties who were on the brink of voting for the Liberal Democrats for the first time went scampering back to the Tories at the first whiff of a deal being cooked up with Neil Kinnock over proportional representation. Many Lib-Dems fear it will happen again, despite Ashdown's assurances that Blair is less frightening to the middle class than Kinnock.

The truth is that despite hours of focus group research no one knows whether the public will cheer along the new "politics of cooperation" or regard it as a cynical political fix. Therefore, the cannier Liberal Democrats are keeping well out of it. If the wheeze fails they can always say "nuffink to do with us guv". But if it works just watch them trample Maclennan and his pals into the mud in the scramble for any seats on offer in a Blair cabinet.

'Urquhart'

MICHAEL HESELTINE, deputy prime minister and responsible for cleaning up sleaze, has been in breach of his own cabinet office rules, the *Eye* has discovered.

While Hezza was president of the board of trade and energy secretary, he was a shareholder of a coal distribution company called Pridmore and Co, based in South Wales. But when he announced the closure of "unprofitable pits" in 1992, he somehow forgot to mention his financial interest in the Commons — though he declared it in the register of members' interests.

This was a clear breach of strict cabinet office rules, which are now administered by Tarzan himself. They state: "Ministers must so order their affairs that no conflict arises, or appears to arise, between their private interests and their public duties."

Even more pertinent is that "the actual holding of particular shares in concerns closely associated with a minister's own department may create the danger of a conflict of interest. Where a minister considers this to be the case, he should divest himself of the holding".

But Heseltine — who bought the shares in his own name in June 1985, three months after the end of the miners' strike and while he was in the cabinet — retained his holding in the coal company when he became the minister responsible for coal in 1992. His two sisters, Eileen and Yvonne, also became stakeholders in Pridmore.

After the cash-for-questions and Neil Hamilton affairs, ministers have been anxious to avoid another sleaze scandal by covering their tracks. It seems they have missed a footprint... one of their own.

THE problems for new ministers in getting rid of their business interests are well illustrated by the predicament of Mr Ian Taylor, Tory MP for Esher and science and technology minister at the department of trade and industry.

When he became a minister in 1994, Mr Taylor was declaring a wide variety of business interests, including a directorship and substantial shareholding in a financial and management consultancy firm called Fentiman Consultants. Naturally, as a minister he had to resign from the company and rid himself of this shareholding. But who got the shares?

The Fentiman accounts of September 1994 (immediately after Mr Taylor's promotion) disclose that all the Fentiman shares had been transferred to the Hon Carole Taylor, the MP's wife.

Whoops! According to House of Commons rules, a spouse's ownership still represents a declarable interest for the MP. Further action had to be taken. The following year's accounts show all the Fentiman shares transferred again — to Mr Stephen Douglas Russell Taylor, the MP's younger brother, whose fashionable south London address is listed as exactly the same as his brother's.

The 1995 accounts also show an "ex-gratia payment" of £9,000 to "a former director" — believed to be not a million miles from one Ian Taylor MP.

EDS's endless acquisition of government contracts in Britain continues unabated. It has recently won a £50m jobette under the private finance initiative to replace the flight data processing system at the Oceanic Control Centre in Ayrshire. This system will enable EDS to make even more money (*"enable even more aircraft to fly closer together over the Atlantic", shurely?*)

A row has now broken out between the public accounts committee (PAC) and the treasury for the latter's failure to produce a detailed list of the many contracts awarded to EDS. The PAC was also concerned that a conflict of interest would arise as EDS has also won a contract with the Government Centre for Information Systems which acquires computer hardware and software for all government bodies.

PLYMOUTH Sutton MP Gary Streeter has urged the city council to allow residents time to raise money to buy some fields currently earmarked for a housing development.

The Tory added his voice to those of worried campaigners after local solicitors Foot and Bowden, acting on behalf of the developers, derided residents' attempts to raise the money. The lawyers indicated that they would go to the department of the environment if their application was refused.

Locals are not wholeheartedly thrilled by Streeter's support for their campaign, however. In part this is because his previous contribution to development rows was to add his support to the extension of Plymouth city airport's runway despite strong objections from residents (*Eye* 912).

Also they are slightly perplexed by a business interest he fails to declare when revealing his support for the campaign to local press — he is a partner in a local solicitors firm called, er, Foot and Bowden.

SILENTLY, on 25 November, the most explosive report in British government files was handed to John Gummer's department of the environment. It contained the recommendation, after a five-month inquiry, to build an underground dump at Sellafield to take nuclear waste, including reactors from submarines.

No public announcement was made and now similar furtiveness is continuing to surround the decision. For while it is accepted in planning circles that ministers announce their findings within eight weeks of being given a report, the environment department is going out of its way to emphasise that eight weeks is just a "target", not a limit; otherwise the decision would be imminent.

So why the subterfuge? Well, the dump is even unpopular locally where British Nuclear Fuels is the main employer; and Cumbria county council is against providing space for any more nuclear plant. Gummer's problem is that he does not want to say no — but is reluctant to say yes. If only a decision could be delayed for just a few more weeks...

THE week before Christmas the 950 employees of the giant Gallaher tobacco factory in Manchester heard that their plant was to close with all jobs being lost.

Although Gallaher will pay full redundancy, taxpayers will be financing benefit claims from ex-employees for years to come. Not entirely coincidentally, just as Gallaher axed the Manchester plant it was announced that the government had agreed to give the company grant-aid totalling £9.9 million to increase cigarette production at its factory in Ballymena — the centre of the Rev Ian Paisley's universe.

Just 290 full-time posts will be created in Ulster to replace those lost in Manchester, leaving the government with a bill of more than £10 million (for aid and benefit payments) to produce an overall result of, er, minus 660 jobs.

MORE controversy at Dounreay nuclear reprocessing and waste plant in Scotland. After evidence was revealed of falling safety standards under the new private management team (*Eye* 911), the nuclear installations inspectorate (NII) said prosecutions could follow if more workers were contaminated.

Since then Dounreay's general manager Brian Patterson has secured a massive tax perk for himself and his wife as part of a deal to privatise the management of the nuclear plant. Patterson should have been working for the civil and defence engineering contractor and Tory-donor, W.S. Atkins, as part of an £11 million contract with the state-owned UK Atomic Energy Authority to take over the running of Dounreay.

But the nuclear watchdog, the NII, would not allow responsibility for the plant's safety to be devolved into private hands. Patterson was thus kept on as an employee of the UKAEA with his proviso that £30,000 would be paid as part of his salary into his own company because, he says, "it is advantageous for tax purposes".

Patterson had started work for Atkins at Dounreay at the time there were discussions on how to privatise the plant's management. Patterson denies any part in the award of the contract to Atkins.

ONE man who should be embarrassed about the nuclear leaks and warnings of compromised safety at the Dounreay nuclear reprocessing plant in Scotland (see *Eyes passim*) is Sir Anthony Cleaver.

Cleaver is head of the Atomic Energy Authority (which runs Dounreay); but, incredibly, he is also chairman of Business in the Environment, the environmental arm of Business in the Community. Being in charge of an organisation which spews out radioactive material in Scotland is clearly quite consistent with environmental concern.

'Backbiter'

The New Year's Honours

SIR ROBERT HORTON, chairman of Railtrack. Eye readers will have closely followed the career of "Hatchet Horton" as he became known in the oil industry because of his penchant for sacking people and closing down plant.

By 1990 Horton had sacked his way to the top of BP; but his chairmanship there was an unmitigated disaster. So quick was his temper and so arrogant his use of his powers that his fellow-directors sacked him by unanimous resolution — the first and only such sacking in the history of the company. Horton got a pay-off of £1.5m, and was assumed to have been banished from the corridors of industrial power. But he was rescued by his old college chum John MacGregor, who was then secretary of state for transport.

MacGregor wanted a reliable and ruthless Tory to privatise the railways, so he made Horton chairman of Railtrack. Sir Bob's honour celebrates his outstanding success in selling off the railways so cheaply that third-rate managers everywhere (as in the Porterbrook scandal) are selling their privatised bits of railway business at vast personal profits.

SIR PETER DAVIS, chief executive of the Prudential Corporation. This honour plainly rewards Sir Peter for his strenuous efforts to review and compensate the tens of thousands of people who were sold a pup of a pension by the Pru. No other company managed to persuade more suckers to give up their occupational or state pension in exchange for a private pension.

When city regulators decided to review all these cases and make it up to the people who had been conned, the Pru promised to leave no stone unturned and no avenue unexplored in its efforts to put its wrongs to rights. What has happened after two years — almost exactly the time Mr Davis has been running the Pru? By the most recent "deadline" when all the cases were meant to have been dealt with, the Pru had disposed of, er, 10 cases, leaving a mere 46,000 still unresolved. By a long way the Pru was top of the recently-leaked list for unresolved pension cases — and no one could claim more responsibility than Peter Davis, the new knight.

SIR RAJ BAGRI, chairman of the London Metal Exchange. This honour plainly reflects the City's pride in the efficiency and honest regulation of London metal trading in the year of Sumitomo, the biggest swindle on the international copper market in history.

The London Metal Exchange was deeply embroiled in this affair, as our own "Slicker" made clear in *Eye* 903. He referred to the successful request to the LME by the Sumitomo swindler Hamanaka "for a backdated confirmation of phoney trades exceeding $500m". The phoney figures were needed "for tax purposes". Slicker commented: "No clearer evidence could exist that self-regulation at the LME is well past its sell-by date."

SIR HERMAN OUSELEY, for services to race relations. Sir Herman is chairman of the Commission for Racial Equality, and experts in the field have been racking their brains for examples of outstanding achievements by the commission this year — without much success.

Perhaps the knighthood is in recognition of Sir Herman's distinguished record at Lambeth council, where he was for many years chief executive. In November 1993 *Eye* 833 revealed a long string of cases in which the council had been successfully sued by workers alleging... racial discrimination.

The officer responsible for many of these cases was Jocelyn Fisher head of the personnel department. Many complaints were made about her to the chief executive, but nothing happened until Herman Ouseley left to chair the CRE. Almost as soon as a new chief executive took over, there was an inquiry into Jocelyn Fisher and her department, and she resigned. The *Eye* quoted former staff wondering why such prompt and effective action had not been taken earlier.

ANN CHANT CB, resigning chief executive of the Child Support Agency. Chant's achievements at the CSA have certainly been noteworthy. They were praised at the announcement of her resignation by Andrew Mitchell, minister for the CSA, who stated that maintenance assessments were now correct in 80 per cent of cases. Only a few weeks later the CSA's own figures showed that 29 per cent of assessments were still completely wrong and a further 19 per cent showed irregularities.

A parliamentary question placed by Rochdale MP Liz Lynne asked how many of the agency's decisions were overturned on appeal. Mitchell's reply, made shortly before Christmas, revealed that in November 466 cases were reviewed by the appeal tribunal. In only "84 cases the child support officer's decision was upheld".

Chant's other claims to fame include giving two incorrect replies to parliamentary questions about CSA assessments (*Eye* 905).

DAME BARBARA MILLS, director of public prosecutions. Some top lawyers believe this honour recognises Mrs Mills's heroic role in the case of George Tomkins, who successfully brought three top policemen in the West Midlands to court in a private prosecution for perverting the course of justice.

The officers, he claimed, had framed him with a robbery he could not have committed and landed him in prison on remand for 15 months before he was acquitted. Birmingham magistrates sent the officers for trial, but Mr Tomkins's joy was shortlived: Barbara Mills DPP took over the case — and promptly dropped it. The policemen walked free.

Others believe, perhaps more realistically, that Dame Barbara's honour is a measure of the profound relief felt in high places caused by her Christmas Eve decision not to prosecute anyone at all named in the Scott report (see Footnotes).

"Now my surprise witness"

Pseuds Corner

The latest project of Donald Parsnips has been constructed to heighten personal optimism through the deployment of song as autonomous artwork.

Each sung artwork that makes up "1000 Works for World Peace" is available as a unique and original object, reversing the concept of a form that is usually synonymous with mass ingestion.

Similarly the function of the "Torch Song" or "Popular Anthem" at the service of "The Cause" is subject to positive reversal as 100 works for world peace acknowledges the dangers inherent in a single dogma to instead favour each individual's personal considerations and inner presence with a song that is theirs alone.

It is hoped that through this reversed process of "elation" that the continuous carriage of hope giving "mantras" will result in a more comprehensive and unpredictable catharsis for world peace avoiding brainwashing and intransigence, respecting variations and the truth that "dreams keep you going".

DONALD PARSNIPS
1000 Works For World Peace

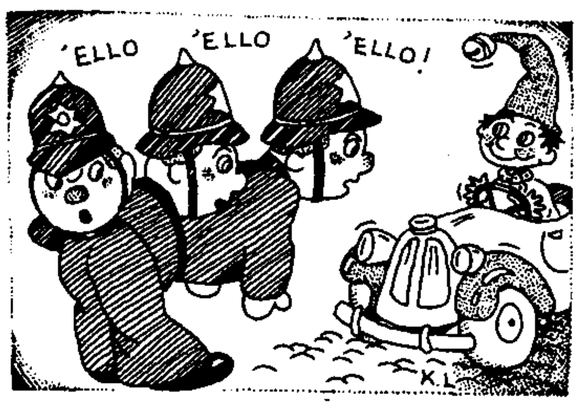
What's in a logo?

If you've ever wondered what the Toyota logo represents, here's the answer.

The logo consists of three ellipses, each of which has two geometrical central points — one representing the heart of Toyota's customers, and the other the heart of the product.

Two of the ellipses form a "T" for Toyota, while the space inside the outer ellipse signifies the company's ever-expanding technological advancement and the boundless opportunities which lie ahead.

"In Front", Toyota Magazine



"I am a police. That may sound like an unusual construction. But it's a parlance we have. Among ourselves, we would never say I am a policeman or I am a policewoman or I am a police officer. We would just say I am a police. I am a police. I am a police and my name is Detective Mike Hoolihan. And I am a woman, also."

MARTIN AMIS
Night Train

So here I am, down at my local pick-up palace, all matt black and moody lighting, gargling Diet Coke, minding everybody's business. Over in the corner there's this quartet of queens, and I do mean queens. There's not a stitch of otherwise ubiquitous Adidas or Russell Athletic in sight. Trust me, these darlings wouldn't wear sports casual if their mothers were held at gunpoint.

Anyway, the little minxes are meanly observant — "Is this a bar or a workshop for the blind?" — and are, like, being really, really ignored by the milling leather and denim herds, until the dance mix of "Unbreak My Heart" swells over the sound system. Suddenly the KY Jelly Babies spontaneously do big, bad, Bassey actions to the words, arms circling like windmills, faces contorted with sourly sincere mock-emotion. And it's such a dumb and dismissive commentary on the pre-fabricated ballad form, and on the gooey emotions those sad songs still (secretly) trigger in homosexual hearts that, well, you have to laugh.

JOHN LYTTLE
Independent

And yet [Howard] Hodgkin's paintings do provide a genuine aesthetic thrill, which can manifest itself physically, like someone walking over your grave. After a few moments of agonising silence, as I try to find an acceptable way of conveying this, I ask what the picture's title is. *"Egypt,"* Hodgkin replies. And the instant one knows, it is absolutely there.

Not that I have ever been to Egypt, but this is part of the mystery of painting, and of Hodgkin's in particular.

PETER PARKER
New Statesman

CONTRIBUTORS: Michael Spragg, Alastair Pettigrew, Nicholas Lee, Jo Munroe, Byron Williamson.

£10 paid for entries.

ITV

Cuts (ITV)
Goodbye My Love (ITV)
Rebecca (Carlton)

CHANNEL 4 will shortly begin a repeat screening of *The Jewel In The Crown*, ITV's triumphant 1984 serial. It's hard not to think that, with this move, 4 is indulging in a little moralistic teasing of channel 3: saying, hey, boys, this is what ITV drama used to mean, remember? If so, ITV's first three big dramas of the new year merely underlined the message.

With so many crinoline fictions on the screen during 1996 — and with the BBC celebrating Hogmanay with *The Moonstone* and *The Mill on the Floss* — it was refreshing to find ITV adapting a book with a publication date as recent as 1987. Unfortunately, the title in question was Malcolm Bradbury's novella, **Cuts**.

This slight and fitfully amusing book described the production of a television drama serial and attempted to be a satire of TV practices and people. It was written by Prof Bradbury as catharsis after the planned lavish adaptation of his previous novel, *Rates Of Exchange*, was axed in the last-but-six round of cuts at the BBC. The novella also belonged specifically to the mid-80s and the Thatcherite mission to cut public expenditure. The book's plot is a series of puns around the idea of cutting in the film-editing sense and cutting in the political-financial sense. Its theme is the tendency of television to reduce everything to glossy inconsequentiality.

It is hard to fathom the psychological reasoning behind the decision of the beleaguered and confused ITV network centre to screen a drama about an idiotic, venal and incompetent commercial television station, but the scheduling is probably best understood as a cry for help. The nearest equivalent to this cynically self-immolating gesture would have been for John Major to send his ministers and MPs a copy of the Job-Seekers Directory as a Christmas present.

Apart from its suicidal content, the adaptation itself showed all the faults of recent ITV drama. For a start, it was entirely inaccurate in its de-

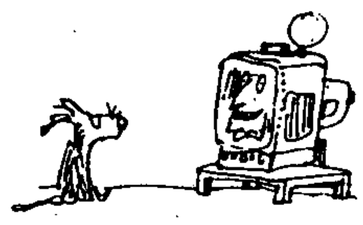
piction of the world it was supposed to be portraying. There is a particular plot which Prof Bradbury has for some reason used a lot, in which a shy and retiring academic enters the glamorous world of the media and is shagged silly by attractive women. In *Cuts*, the gentle don called in to write TV drama is not only screwed stupid by a popsie but the viewers know that he has only been offered the job because his agent shagged the producer. But this is hopelessly outdated socia l satire. In the virus-ridden and religiously-revived nineties, very few careers in television now result from the leg-over leg-up. Now, fathers promote their children, junkies employ their dealers or mutually-beneficial deals are struck involving the independent production fee. *Cuts* demonstrated that, even when it was trying to shoot itself in the head, ITV couldn't get a hit.

For its next big drama of the holiday period, ITV turned to a different kind of suicide: voluntary euthanasia. **Goodbye My Love** was a drama-documentary based on the life and assisted deaths of Derek Humphrey, the founder of Exit. Sadly, this lurid and teary piece merely provided further evidence of the way in which the dram-doc form — originally employed by ITV to popularise subjects of historical or legal complexity — is now used to produce routine weepies. *Goodbye My Love* belonged to the queasy genre of melodrama-doc. We are getting ever closer to the True Tragedy Of The Week dramas which are such a rebarbative feature of American schedules.

The ITV adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* was produced by Carlton which, in the past, has been television drama's equivalent of voluntary euthanasia. But the tough old book triumphantly survived the experience, in part because the adaptor was Arthur Hopcraft, the old hand who typed out Granada's *Hard Times* and the BBC's *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* and other classic serials. Even so, the casting provoked unhappy contrasts with ITV's past. An over-the-top Faye Dunaway was clearly there only to provide the WGBH Boston co-prod cash and the presence of both Charles Dance and Geraldine James — soon to be seen in the repeat of *The Jewel In The Crown* — rather drew attention to the fact that, once, ITV adapted rather more difficult and unusual modern novels.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS



THE new year has got off to a catastrophic start for CNN Text, Ted Turner's 24-hour news, sport and business service. Broadcast throughout Europe, Africa, Asia and the Middle East, the London-based operation is by far the biggest teletext service in the world; but it now resembles a parish magazine cobbled together with scissors and paste by a drunken vicar in Budleigh Salterton.

CNN Text was created for Turner in 1993 by former BBC Ceefax supremo Blair Thomson, to complement CNN's international TV news broadcasts. With financial support from the tycoon Sir Benjamin Slade — chief backer of John Redwood's Tory leadership campaign — Thomson bought a company called HyperCAST to run the text service, and recruited a team of senior ex-Beeb hacks to write foreign and business news pages. A business data tie-in with Reuters promised prestige and rich pickings.

Alas! It was not to be.

Last spring, at Slade's suggestion, the company hired a new chief executive, Olinga Ta'ed — said to be a "business whizzkid" with a reputation for "turning companies around". He has certainly done that, but not quite in the way intended. Ta'ed, whose previous experience was of running a factory in Wales making security equipment, turned out to know nothing about broadcasting or journalism. His main aim was to sack most of the hacks, force pay-cuts on the others — and, ultimately, move the whole operation down to his factory in Wales.

Thomson pointed out that a 24-hour international news service could hardly be run under these conditions, but Ta'ed brushed aside the objections. Thomson eventually resigned in despair last November, swiftly followed by most of his executives and journalists. They were replaced by a new team of hacks, led by former *Sunday Express* man Graham Jones.

The result was — as they say on TV — *dramatic*. Within the hour, the CNN on-screen logo had been overwritten and replaced by the more enigmatic: **'x;m@/thhthhj'**.

The first early dawn of 1997 saw the award-winning CNN Text pages looking like a graffiti-adorned subway, embellished with countless typing errors and weird graphical gibberish. Several pages of business news written on the last day of 1996 were still being displayed four days later, on 3 January. By this Monday the business pages were daringly breaking new ground by appearing, er, completely blank.

Headlines were hurled in at random, the prize for best effort going to "Intensive Care for Xiaoping" — on a weather story about a hippo freezing to death in Italy. Meanwhile, the company is also being pursued by an irate posse of unpaid creditors.

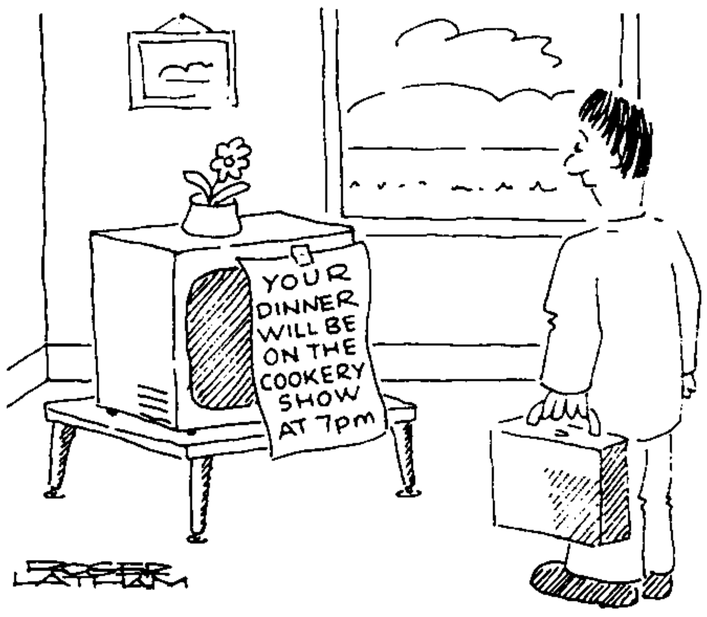
News of this fiasco cannot be kept from Ted Turner indefinitely. Given his reputation as a control-freak, he is unlikely to be amused.

SEBASTIAN CODY, the independent TV producer responsible for the late and unlamented *After Dark*, has come up with another winner. He has persuaded Channel 4 to commission a *Dispatches* programme about the Israeli secret service Mossad, based on a "red-hot" scoop promised to him by veteran hack Gordon Thomas.

We can only assume that the C4 commissioning editor, David Lloyd, does not read the *Eye* regularly. If he did, he would know that Gordon Thomas's scoops are not always what they seem.

Three years ago Thomas sold a "world exclusive" interview with fugitive legover merchant Bishop Eamon Casey to the *Sunday Express* and the *Irish Independent*, reporting that the bonking bishop "has emerged from behind the fortress-like walls of a convent in South America to talk for the first time about his love affair with his former mistress Annie Murphy". Alas, Casey had done no such thing, and the *Irish Independent* published a shamefaced editorial admitting that Thomas had not carried out an interview "in the accepted sense".

In 1989 Thomas was investigated by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police after flogging another bogus exclusive to the *Sunday Express*, this time "revealing" that the IRA had sent an assassination squad, armed with a Stinger missile, to take a pot-shot at Mrs Thatcher during the Montreal summit. Other ripping yarns which have appeared under his byline over the years, mostly in the *Express*, include one about Terry Waite being "spotted" by satellite while being moved around Beirut, and a story about an IRA plot to assassinate the Pope on his Irish tour. He is also the author of *Pontiff*, a preposterous book about the alleged murder of Pope John Paul I.



WHAT is the substance of the complaint to the Broadcasting Standards Commission by Ann Gloag, joint owner of the bus and rail firm Stagecoach, regarding last year's *World in Action* profile of her hugely successful company?

One of her chief complaints is that *World in Action* invaded her privacy by flying a helicopter over her castle at Beauly, near Inverness. True, she was not there at the time; but she is concerned about the privacy of her two guests, Canadian property developers and their wives.

In particular, it seems, she is outraged that the helicopter disturbed the red kites that live in her castle grounds. The birds are predators, and Ms Gloag is said to have a special affection for them.

WITH no thought to their own safety, two fearless employees of the BBC World Service confronted John Birt in the Bush House car park as he was slinking away from a meeting with senior managers shortly before Christmas. When, they demanded, was he going to come and face the staff?

Birt replied that he *had* been speaking to staff. "I don't mean managers," one of them persisted. "I mean the workers." Birt explained tetchily that such a mass-meeting would be "unproductive" since ordinary staff showed "a lack of receptiveness to new ideas".

When the two malcontents cited a recent survey which found that 97 per cent of BBC employees have no confidence in Birt's leadership, the DG accused them of being "entrenched" and "resistant to change". He then climbed into his huge, chauffeur-driven limo and roared off — nearly running over his tormentors in the process.

It is, as a Bush House wag observed, one way of cutting staff numbers.

HACKWATCH: PAUL JOHNSON MASTERCLASS

CAN there have been a single Christmas stocking in Christendom this year that did not contain the bestselling *To Hell With Picasso and Other Essays* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £18.99)?

Er, probably quite a few, actually, given that the book is a selection of Paul "Loonybins" Johnson's *Spectator* columns from the past few years. Loonybins prefaces the collection with several pages of useful tips on "the art of writing a column". And, as a devout Catholic, he naturally practises what he preaches...

"Of course the columnist ought to know personally the principal rulers of the day, and if possible anyone else who is in and out of the news. But awareness of this extensive and grand acquaintance ought to filter through to the reader, as it were, by accident, and should never be baldly claimed. Name-dropping is fatal to a good column."

"I would say to A.J. Ayer, 'Freddie, teach me something useful'. To which he would reply..." (p.19). "C.P. Snow... was only 50 when I first met him" (p.45). "The most successful handler of old age I know is Lord Longford" (p.47). " 'Don't you like me any more then?' I received this ticking-off from Edna O'Brien, whom I had failed to kiss at a crowded gathering last year... The next morning, at a lunch, I kissed Margaret Thatcher..." (p.65). "Two of the richest men I know, Jimmy Goldsmith and George Soros, have been buying gold" (p.86). "I have... asked Kerensky why he didn't have Lenin shot ('Because I didn't t'ink him important'), smoked cigars with Sibelius — and Castro — swum in the Caspian and Lake Titicaca, made De Gaulle cross, Churchill weepy and the Pope laugh, chatted up Ava Gardner..." (p.102).

"Knowledge of history is the most useful to the all-purpose columnist... The readers needs to feel that you comment on what is going on in the world not from theory or conjecture but from experience."

Spectator readers have often benefited from Johnson's refusal to indulge in conjecture. "The coming year," he wrote on 1 January 1994, "will witness the end, I predict and hope, of the Major government." Later that month, he announced that "if the local and Euro-elections in May-June go badly, then Major will retire or be sacked forthwith." With typical modesty, he has omitted these two columns from his latest collection. But he does give us a taste of his "knowledge" with this assessment of the 1992 presidential election: "As for the Democrats, it is a daunting thought that they may have to choose between Bill Clinton and Paul Tsongas, with the even more disturbing possibility that the sinister and unattractive Mario Cuomo... could snatch the nomination by a late entry. Bush, I imagine, will beat any of them" (p.236).

"A know-all manner is a repellant. So is undue stress on insider knowledge. Never use phrases like 'I asked the Prime Minister' or 'a member of the Cabinet told me'."

"Last week I lunched at Boodle's with three City seers and the leading authority on [economic] cycles, and all preached unmitigated woe" (p.86). "Not long ago a senior minister angrily assured me..." (p.106).

"This brings me to the next, and most important point: never exploit your power as a columnist for personal ends... Your fog story, your airport delay story, your story of being swindled/overcharged/cheeked/abused, etc by the insurance/British Gas/the check-out girl at Safeways/the Inland Revenue are — I stress the point — of no interest whatever."

During a visit to Paris, Johnson tries to get into a smart restaurant on the Left Bank. "But," he grumbles, "it was after ten, full, and I was not prepared to wait in the bar for a table." The traffic is ghastly, too: "Arriving at De Gaulle airport, we took the best part of two hours by taxi to reach the Rue Cambon" (p.16). At a hotel in Barcelona, the whingeing continues: "Every time I turned a light on it automatically turned itself off after 30 seconds... Nor could I discover how to turn on the hot water... As a result, I had to take my bath that morning in icy cold water and in Stygian darkness" (p.68).

"Do not write about your dog, except perhaps twice a year, or... your wife (ever)."

Since Johnson no longer has a dog, the first question doesn't arise. But what about his long-suffering wife? On page nine he treats us to a long account of "my regular visits to Sainsbury's with my wife Marigold..." Then comes a family outing to Paris: "Marigold and I visited some of the boutiques on the Place des Victoires" (p.15). "I have had my head cast in bronze... My wife thinks it is a bit stern, adding, 'But then you are like that, aren't you?' " (p.68). "When asked what she thinks of me, my wife Marigold says, 'Difficult' (p.103)." "The General [Pinochet] invited Marigold and me to tea in his Santiago HQ" (p.147). "Last Thursday evening, my wife and I and about 200 other people traipsed to the Tate Gallery..." (p.207). "My wife Marigold is a Londoner..." (p.239).

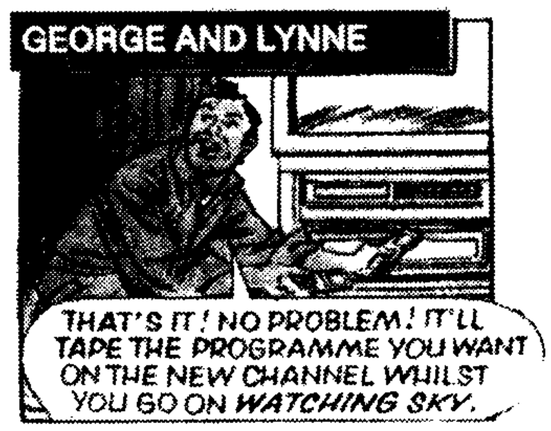
"All good columns are about humanity... But they should never be egotistical... A good columnist is a submarine, prowling just below the surface of his prose, periscope up but inconspicuous."

"Recently I sat in a canvas chair in the village of Stogursey doing a watercolour of its magnificent church..." (p.6). "It has just occurred to me that, for the first time, the holders of all the four great offices of state... are younger than me" (p.45). "I was interviewed at length by a nice, bearded, serious man called Ake Lundqvist from the *Dagens Nyheter*; and so on to the Institute of International Affairs, to give a lecture and answer questions... They said I had a bigger turn-out than Yeltsin..." (p.61). "I was in America to spend a weekend at Adelphi University in Long Island, attend its annual commencement and receive an honorary doctorate" (p.85). "Thirty years ago, the election of Jack Kennedy to the presidency of the United States dealt a blow to anti-Catholic prejudice. As a result, I was able to beat off a determined attempt to prevent me becoming editor of the *New Statesman* in 1964" (p.124). "If I had my time again I would become a professional portrait painter" (p.166). "Last autumn, when I gave a course of lectures on the history of the United States at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, the hall, which held, I think about 200, was filled to capacity by a ticket-only audience, and we had to accommodate an overflow... At Denver, in the Rockies, I found myself holding forth in a sports stadium to 2,000 people or more..." (p.207). "I lecture a lot to American audiences... They often congratulate me on the 'purity' of the way I speak and pronounce English" (p.223).

"One last point. Life is sad for most people. It is doubtless sad for you, too. But, like Pagliacci, you must not let it show: on with the motley!"

On this point, at least, Johnson obeys his own advice. "We are living in the Grey Nineties," he writes on p.233, in his usual jaunty mood. "The greyness oozes relentlessly out of the stratosphere, enveloping all five continents in its dingy murk, dimming colour, killing glamour, extinguishing adventure..." Yup, Loonybins's latest book is a very motley collection indeed.

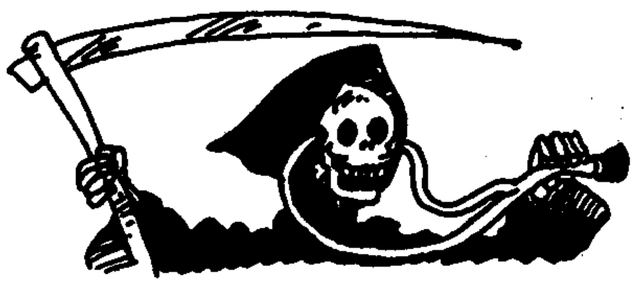
I-BSkyB



The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Willie Davidson.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.



DOING THE ROUNDS

TRACEY BAGGOTT, contracts manager for GP Fundholders at Southampton University hospitals NHS trust, has written an illuminating letter to underlings:

"As you will be aware, due to financial pressures, some health authorities have had to take the difficult decision to impose service restrictions within their contracts and allow the waiting times for their residents to move out beyond previous targets [*ie increase*].

"In order to manage this difficult situation, I am writing to request that all general practitioners could indicate on their referral letters to this trust whether they are fundholders or not, for example by putting GPFH under their signature. This would enable the trust to prioritise patients, if applicable. This will also help avoid consultants being placed in an awkward position whereby they are unsure whether the patient belongs to a fundholding practice or is the responsibility of the health authority, and will allow the consultant to give his [*sic*] patient a more accurate estimate of their expected waiting time."

● **CALDERDALE and Kirklees health authority** is also punishing patients of non-fundholding GPs by having to use money intended for them to bale out fundholding GPs who went £1 million over their drug budgets.

● "I THINK we've got a culture which is very stretched, getting worn out, burnt out and people were frightened to speak out." So said Sandra Grant, director of the **Scottish Health Advisory Service**, about the elderly "care" unit at **Glasgow's Victoria Infirmary** after allegations last June of abuse and stealing by nursing staff.

Two nurses resigned and five were suspended and later disciplined. The SHAS inquiry, published at Christmas, described the unit as dysfunctional and has called for an urgent increase in the number of qualified staff on the wards, identifying a lack of senior nurses as a key contributor both to the abuse and lack of whistleblowing about it. Thus far, the management has declined, doubtless hoping it will all blow over.

● MIDWIVES at **Birmingham's City Hospital NHS trust** have set up an innovative support system for pregnant women, assigning each one a named midwife and support for all their antenatal, birth and postnatal care. This is entirely in accordance with the government's *Changing Childbirth* report, which promised to make NHS maternity care more "woman centred."

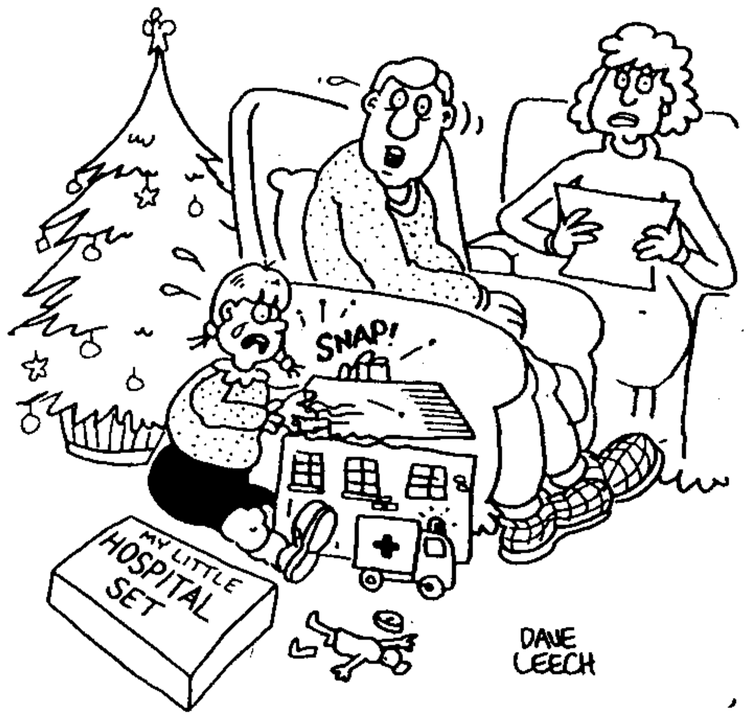
The Birmingham scheme has proved a huge success, costing only £35,000 a year with very high levels of parent satisfaction. The midwives reward for their endeavour is for the scheme to be axed as the trust's main purchaser, **Birmingham health authority**, refuses to fund it permanently. The reason? It would then have to fund it for every hospital in the area and that would cost £2 million.

The health authority is also turning the screw on **City hospital**'s casualty department, which proudly provides 24-hour cover from senior staff to allow for the training and support of junior doctors. This has proved so popular that, unlike most other casualty departments in the country, there are plenty of applicants for each junior post. Round the clock supervision has meant a quicker through-put of patients, fewer inappropriate investigations and less unit cost than any other department in Birmingham. BHA remains unconvinced and sees overnight senior cover as an unnecessary extravagance. Will it survive? Watch this space.

Thought for the Day

NURSES still fighting to have their 2 percent pay rise for last year topped up locally should not hold their breath for next year. NHS employers have told the pay review body that all they can afford for this year's rise will be, um, 2 percent or less. In total.

● **FRENCHAY hospital** casualty department in **Bristol** has also learnt the value of providing senior support, but the nearby **United Bristol Hospital's trust** is in a dreadful pickle. The casualty jobs for junior doctors are no longer recognised as appropriate training posts, and both consultants



"It's very realistic – broke already!"

have resigned on the same day: one to go to New Zealand and the other to Southampton. Indeed across the country both senior and junior doctors have now cottoned on to the market system and are shopping around for good jobs that provide support and supervision. Trusts that refuse to comply are relying increasingly on gullible overseas doctors to do the jobs that British graduates won't touch.

● **GLAN HAFREN NHS trust** is struggling to run the hospitals of **South Gwent**. Patients have been shuffled around from the **Royal Gwent hospital (RGH)** to **St Woolos hospital** in the middle of the night to free up beds; 200 orthopaedic operations at RGH have been cancelled due to a lack of funds; and the trust's pharmacies are now in trouble with the trading standards authority for dispensing packets of 14 tablets when 28 have been prescribed by a trust doctor and paid for by the patient. The chief pharmacist claims he is only following **Welsh office** guidelines — and the WO claims no such guideline exists.

Good News for the New Year

A VAT tribunal has ruled that the government has no right to charge VAT on continence pads supplied to individuals.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

IF THERE is a silver lining to the post-BSE farming scene, it is that across Europe sales of organic meat are blossoming. From a base of about 15 million tons last year, demand is forecast to triple by the turn of the century, reaching 60 million tons annually by the year 2002.

Strangely, this bonanza is unlikely to be shared by our own organic farmers whose consumers — despite the UK being the home of the BSE crisis — eat less organic beef than any country in Europe. The Danes lead with a consumption per head of just under 3lbs per year, while British consumption averages a fantastically measly quarter of an ounce per person.

Thanks to the insanity of the ban on selling cattle over 30 months, even if domestic demand *were* to pick up, British farmers could not meet it. Many naturally reared, grass-fed cattle take considerably longer than 30 months to mature fully, and these are the animals which are banned. Then, thanks to the depredations of the ministry of agriculture and its "hygiene" blitz (*Eyes passim*), there is a shortage of the smaller slaughterhouses which traditionally handle such meat.

But the main problem is undoubtedly consumers who call for more natural food production on the one hand and vote with their wallets and purses on the other. After the salmonella in eggs scare in 1988, a massive increase in the demand for free range egg production was widely forecast. Eight years later, cheaper battery eggs still account for 90 percent of sales, a figure which has remained stubbornly constant through the decade.

Anyone expecting to make a killing out of organic beef should thus be warned — especially as McDonalds has just announced it is expanding its hamburger chain in the UK. This firm, of course, was one of the first to ditch British beef after health secretary Stephen Dorrell's announcement on possible links between BSE and CJD last March, in preference to produce from Holland — which has one of the most intensive cattle rearing systems in the world.

NOW that the death toll from the Lanarkshire *E coli* 0157 outbreak stands at 16, it has outstripped the total number killed by the new strain CJD, which stands at 13 in three years.

Such is the perversity of food scares that, despite the greater threat presented by *E coli*, no one is yet suggesting the slaughter of the millions of cattle which probably harbour this bug, even though there is a relatively straightforward test to identify it.

BIDS are expected this month for the government-owned Agricultural Development and Advisory Service (ADAS) — the largest agricultural consultancy in the UK.

In an attempt to make the sale attractive to potential buyers, ADAS has over the last few years been given a target of recovering all its costs. For a "business" worth approximately £50 million a year, this is no mean feat, and it has been achieved *largely via* a massive redundancy programme.

But there is a major flaw in the government's plan. The Home Grown Cereals Authority, which is one of the service's biggest customers, has made it clear that it will not place its business with a commercial organisation. It has always had a policy of working with non-profit operations (like universities and a pre-privatised ADAS). Interestingly, the ministry of agriculture (aka Maffia), another major "customer" of ADAS, takes the same view. This causes a big headache for potential purchasers as, in order to keep the bulk of its business, ADAS will not be able to make any profit — something hardly calculated to attract buyers.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

THEYRE ALL NIPPIN' OVER TO CALAIS AN' FILLIN' THEIR VANS FOR CHRISTMAS! HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO SURVIVE?
OPENING TIMES
BLOODY HELL!! YOUNG WAYNE MACDONALD'S BACK WI' ANOTHER TRAILER FULL!
LEAVE THIS TO ME LUV!
ARE YOU SURE ALL THESE ARE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE LAD?
WITHERING MASSAGE PARLOUR

THE Rotten Borough Advertiser

Friday, 10 January, 1997

BIFFA SNIFFER

WHEN pupils at St Illtyd's primary school, Dowlais, fell ill and complained of gas coming from the playground last month, Merthyr county borough council moved quickly to reassure them that it had nothing to do with the nearby Trecatti waste disposal tip managed by Biffa (see *Eyes passim*).

At a meeting with parents, governors and teachers, it was established that Transco, the local gas supplier, was not responsible for the gas leak, and parents were left to ask whether it could be gases coming up from sewers leading from the Trecatti tip. The council's environmental health officers adamantly ruled that possibility out.

Their confidence appears strange as it has now emerged that a report about the problems of the Trecatti tip, commissioned by the council, actually highlighted the problem of toxic gases escaping from the tip and entering the Dowlais sewers. If the EHOs had read their own council's report, they could have told worried parents that it reveals that methane and other toxic gases can leak into local sewers and could even "present an explosion hazard".

Judging by the smelly Christmas not enjoyed by Dowlais residents, gases are *still* leaking into the sewers, despite the installation of a leachate plant that was supposed to solve the problem.

The Entec report identifies the cause as the tipping of large amounts of sulphate-rich Puralite filter cake in Phase One, the first development of the site by Biffa. The combination of commercial tipping with domestic waste resulted in an abnormally high generation of hydrogen sulphide which still appears to be poisoning the air of Dowlais.

Despite numerous requests, the Entec report was denied to local residents on the Trecatti site liaison committee until now. They were all intrigued to note that the council originally received the report on 25 March 1995 — at just the time Biffa was agreeing to pay the £10,000 bung, sorry, "community benefit" to Merthyr council.

IN BRIEF

HAMMERSMITH & FULHAM: Mary Walker, the Labour council's "poverty" officer who keeps residents off skid row, has had a £7,000 pay rise and £4,000 windfall, backdated to April, on top of a £35,000 salary. She can now counsel 35 staff being made redundant in a £3m cuts package.

BENT: The building maintenance "business unit", created by the Tories, has lost an unbusinesslike £500,000. Despite rising losses director George Williams issued reports of triumph and success. But auditors uncovered the truth and he has now been suspended for gross misconduct. The environment department is closing the unit with 22 redundancies.

THANET: Former Labour councillor Chris Wright, ex-chair of the housing benefits committee, has been convicted of 40 counts of fraudulently obtaining, er, housing benefit. Having recently resigned from the Labour group, he is securely housed — for six months — at one of HM's own institutions (it's not Sandringham).

LEWISHAM: Via the internet Coun Tayo Oke, who represents Horniman ward, reveals how he got involved in politics to combat crime "at every level and to cooperate with agencies dedicated to these aims". For the last few months he has been cooperating with Knacker at fraud squad level over his method of claiming housing benefit. Arrested in November and bailed until 21 February, Oke will face charges of benefit fraud. Labour, meanwhile, has kicked him out over £1,200 in council rent he has owed for over a year.

COLD UPDATE: Camden's Labour council has been fined £44,000 by the health and safety executive (HSE) for failing to check that 150 central heating systems in council flats on the College Place estate were safe. Although the council has been penalised the residents' punishment continues — they are still shivering without heating.

LAMBETH STEW

LAMBETH councillors are still unhappy with chief executive Heather Rabbatts's reasons for accepting a three-year, £60,000 deal as a non-executive director of Centrica, a British Gas offshoot.

In a letter to councillors, Rabbatts failed to explain why she did not first seek permission from her employers — the three party leaders on the hung council — before signing the controversial contract. Instead her letter says her appointment is "good for Lambeth" and that a "potential conflict of interest does not exist". (She must have forgotten that British Gas owes Lambeth £1m for road repairs caused by laying gas pipes.)

Several councillors have expressed the view that the worst aspect of the chief executive being caught with her "snout in the trough" is that she has displayed poor judgement — allied to the fact that promised improvements to council services have failed to materialise under her leadership. In a belated gesture to pacify councillors and council taxpayers, Rabbatts has agreed that the £20,000 a year she receives from Centrica will be donated to a charity nominated by the mayor. But this has been interpreted as an admission by her that she was in the wrong.

Meanwhile the inquiry by housing director John Broomfield into corrupt practices at Tooting Bec Gardens hostel for the homeless (*Eye* 914) has decided *not* to take evidence from the two women whose original complaints led to the inquiry.

The women who blew the whistle at an industrial tribunal hearing about wrongdoing in the housing department have now left Lambeth. Each received the maximum award an IT can make for having been unlawfully victimised by the council, and both were told by Lambeth not to talk to the press.

PS: Things still go "missing" in Lambeth in incredible numbers, and the latest disappearances concern thousands of council garages and car ports. Auditors have discovered that 3,500 garages, out of a total stock of 8,000, have gone "missing" from the books, and three quarters of the council's 4,000 car ports have vanished, too. A special team has been set up to comb the borough for the missing garages and car ports.

IT'S A WRAP

ONE troubled Liverpool city councillor is the Liberal Democrats' Cathy Hancox, who got in a mess last year over the sale of a former council home in her Aigburth ward.

Unbeknown to her electors, she had formed a business relationship with secondhand car dealer Lenny Wolfson, who narrowly escaped prison last May on three dishonesty charges (*Eye* 900). Now that the internal investigation into her role has been completed, Liverpool chief executive Peter Bounds has given her a written wrap over the knuckles for failing to declare an interest as a director of Wolfson's property company.

Hancox — nicknamed "the fishwife" because she is normally quite talkative — has chosen to remain uncharacteristically silent over this particular missive.

EYE TOLD YOU SO

THE seven-month internal inquiry by Hackney chief executive Tony Elliston has confirmed that Bernard Crofton, the housing director who exposed recruitment fraud in the borough only to be suspended on trumped up charges of racism, is not a "liar" as Ian MacDonald QC had claimed in an earlier inquiry.

Elliston will present his full report to a council meeting later this month, and more acrimony is guaranteed: not least because councillors will want to know why £100,000 was spent on MacDonald's report — a report now rubbished by Hackney's own chief executive.

Blaenau Gwent Council is seeking the public's views on their daft Children's Services Plan, copies of which are now available in all the libraries.

Blaenau Gwent Council news release

JOBS FOR THE BOYOS Pt 94

SO WHAT do you have to do to get a serious gong in Wales? Not a lot, really — but it helps if you sit on a Tory quango.

Of the five people awarded the CBE in Wales in the new year's honours lists, three of them, Ossie Wheatley, Ray Owen and Brian Thomas, all serve on quangos.

Perhaps "serve" is the wrong word. The former Glamorgan cricketer Ossie Wheatley also gets a handsome salary of £16,375 a year for a two-day week chairing the Sport Council for Wales, while Coun Ray Owen gets a mere £6,490 a year for 3.5 days a month on the Land Authority for Wales.

But, the greatest public service is given by financial consultant Brian Thomas, who earns £6,490 a year for 3.5 days a month on the Countryside Council for Wales and a further £5,375 pa for equally onerous duties on the Cardiff Bay Development Corporation.

NOOKS and CORNERS

AS WE saw with the Railway Inn at Pontlottyn (*Eye* 900), Messrs Whitbread, the brewers, are keen to aid the Welsh temperance movement by closing inconvenient old pubs. They have now mortgaged the Green Meadow Inn at Waterloo near Caerphilly to Discovery Inns, who think the best thing to do with the building is to demolish it and replace it with 13 "executive" homes.

Fortunately, Caerffili county borough council thinks this is a bad idea and has turned down the application to demolish — but now this stance is being undermined by the extraordinary behaviour of CADW, the wet Welsh equivalent of English Heritage.

CADW declines to list the Green Meadow Inn, even though, as a 17th century farmhouse called Tynycoedcae, it is one of the oldest buildings in the area, and, more important, was associated with a remarkable historical figure — an important criterion for listing.

This was Dr William Price, who was born in the building in 1800. Dr Price was a most splendid crank: a vegetarian, a naturist, a Radical and a Chartist, he was also a pioneer of cremation who publicly cremated the body of his infant son Iesu Grist (Jesus Christ), which resulted in his prosecution and the establishment of the legal right to cremation instead of burial.

Yet CADW has claimed that the connection between Dr Price and the Green Meadow Inn is tenuous, despite the fact that the man spent the first 13 years of his life in the building and tried to win back ownership of it in 1848. What CADW has deigned to list, however, is the blast furnace and other features of the Rudry Ironworks which lie just to the east of the inn — underneath 20ft of earth. Yet the Green Meadow Inn was once the manager's office for the ironworks. So what is going on?

What is going on is that when Discovery Inns appealed to the Welsh office about the unenlightened attitude of the local authority, the civil servants in Cardiff decided that there was no need for a public inquiry and announced — just before Christmas — that the appeal was upheld. Mr P. Dunleavey, the inspector, did not challenge the judgement of CADW, dismissed the fact that in the council's structure plan the green-field site was not zoned for housing, and argued — incredibly — that the demolition of a 17th century farmhouse "is unlikely to make any difference to the historical and social fabric of Waterloo."

The only hope now is a judicial review of this preposterous decision — which is expensive. Oddly enough Whitbread Property plc and CADW have offices in the same building: Brunel House in Cardiff.

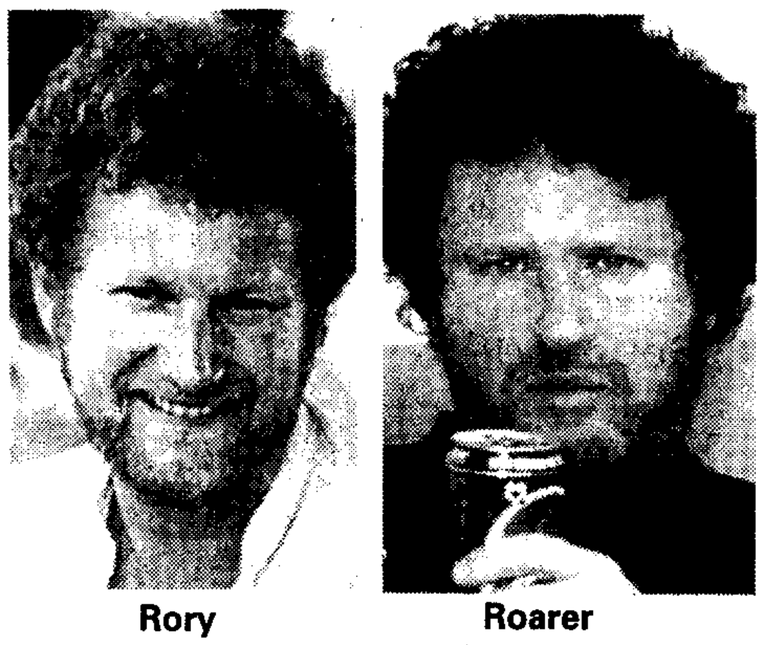
THE Rt Hon Virginia Bottomley, secretary of state for national heritage and chairman of the millennium commission, gravely tells us — in a new year message — that we have only three years to go before the fourth digit in the date changes and that we must celebrate the millennium as this will celebrate "human renewal".

But what we ought most to remember about this ghastly politician is that not only is she a member of a Conservative government which, over almost two decades, has presided over the creation of a barren cultural wasteland in which old and valuable institutions have been emasculated, starved or destroyed, but — above all — that she personally made it her mission to destroy a most famous institution which had provided a precious community service almost continuously over the length of the second millennium. I refer, of course, to St Bartholemew's Hospital in London, founded in 1123.

'Piloti'

Letters

Lookalike

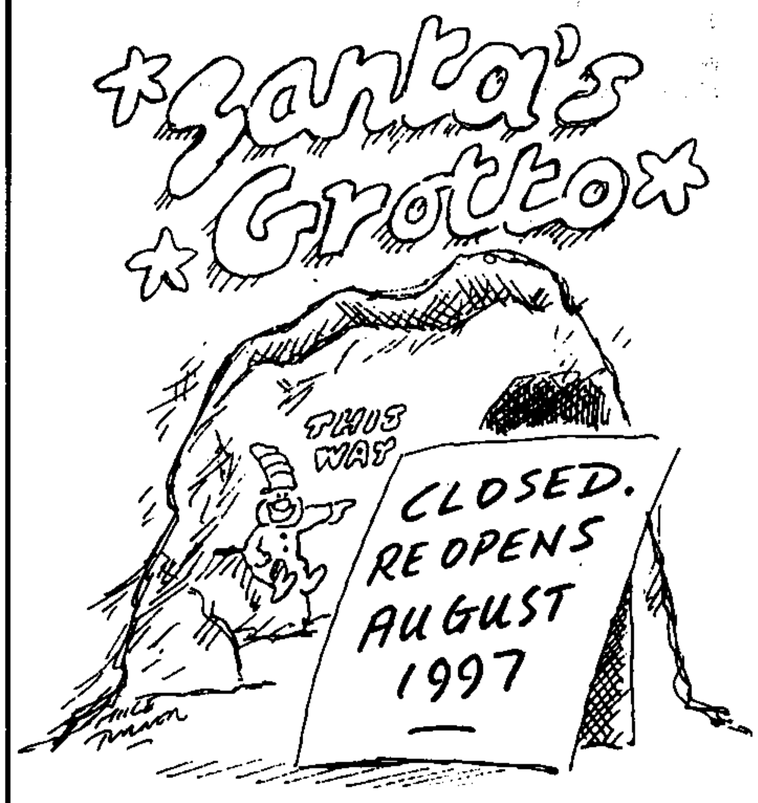


Rory Roarer

Sir,

Now that Jerry Hayes's boyish good looks have suddenly graced the nation's front pages, I couldn't help noticing his resemblance to Rory McGrath, the less well known British Telecom employee. What different lives they both must lead. I wonder if they are related?

Yours,
ENA B. HOSKINS,
Barking Job Centre.



Extra-ordinary

Sir,

Ref. J. Sams

Yes, he composes music — rather a lot, actually: yes, he directs — plays, musicals, revues; in the west-end, on tour and abroad: yes, he adapts and translates — ENO, RNT, Almeida, etc etc. What he doesn't do, at least as far as I know, is design. Other than that, he's a fairly ordinary bloke.

Best wishes,
JOHN LEONARD.
Via email.

Theory of relativity

Sir,

A.K. Chesterton and G.K. Chesterton were of course cousins — not brothers. And both were writers and journalists of a much higher calibre than anything the EYE *can offer...*

Yours,
S. PIKE,
Final Conflict magazine.

Rink outsider

Sir,

*The article in Rotten Borough Advertiser (*EYE *914) implies that Richmond upon Thames council is responsible for a "campaign of terror waged against Richmond art gallery owner Richard Meacock". [***No, it doesn't. Ed.****] This involves firing bullets through his shop windows, tossing a sledgehammer through his window at home, twice breaking into his house, and vandalising both his car and his wife's car. Do you seriously believe a local council would do any of this? If you had any evidence at all for such a daft accusation, no doubt you would have published it.*

Richard Meacock has campaigned for several years to have a new ice rink in Richmond. His problem is that he doesn't let the facts get in the way of a good campaign. Since you gave only his version of the story your article, inevitably, is full of errors.

Richmond council is **not** *legally obliged to build an ice rink. The old privately owned rink was closed by the owners, London and Edinburgh Trust. LET then pulled out of a joint development with the council to build a replacement skate and swim complex. If the operator of a privately owned ice rink decides to close it down, and then refuses to build a new one, there is nothing the local council can do. This has not stopped our political opponents and Richard Meacock from claiming that Richmond council somehow "closed Richmond Ice Rink".*

The alternative site now proposed by Meacock may or may not be suitable for an ice rink. But it is **not** *available. British Gas is only prepared to sell it for a supermarket, and has said so publicly several times. If it doesn't get planning permission on appeal after Richmond council refused consent, it will take the heavily contaminated site off the market. It is* **not** *"happy for a rink to be built on it" as you claim.*

Yes, Richard Meacock has been to court against Richmond council, but with total failure. Did he tell you that he has also been twice to the local ombudsman? Did he tell you that his allegations were dismissed as groundless? Probably not.

Yours sincerely,
DAVID WILLIAMS,
Leader of the Council, London Borough of Richmond Upon Thames.

Premium Bond

Sir,

The idea of Jimmy Goldsmith as a James Bond villain ("Plagiarism", 27 December) doesn't belong to the EYE *either. It dates at least from 1979, when I made the suggestion that Goldsmith "would make a wonderful James Bond villain" in my* TRIBUNE *book review of Richard Ingrams's* GOLDENBALLS, *your former editor's account of the legal dispute between Goldsmith and the* EYE.

CHRIS JONES,
St Albans, Herts.

Air Lute

I-SPY *The Maltings, Ely*

Submitted by Edward Brunt. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Taking the strain

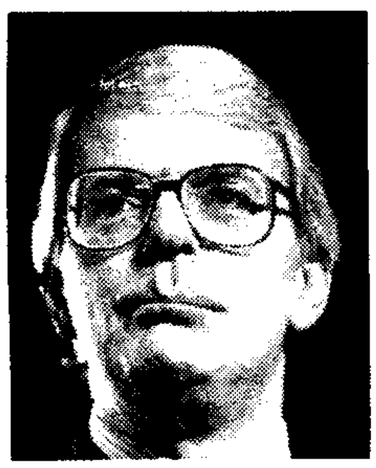
Sir,

New Muckspreader has become very tedious in his obsession with rubbishing the BSE/CJD scare. He bangs on about it in every issue regardless of whether or not he has anything new to say, usually by gratuitously linking it to some unrelated topic. The latest offering (EYE *913) is a prize example. He contrasts a lack of funding for E. coli 0157 research with the money now being spent on research into the BSE/CJD link, and points out that new strain CJD has killed only 14 people, whereas E. coli has caused more than 100 deaths in the same period.*

This is to ignore that E. coli has a very short incubation period, a matter of hours, whereas CJD takes years, even decades, to incubate. E. coli belongs to a class of disease causing organisms which are well known and comparatively well understood; the agent of CJD is of a type completely new to science. CJD is 100 percent fatal; E. coli kills a small minority of those infected. I won't go on, for fear of seeming uncaring about those afflicted by E. coli, which is, of course, a serious public health issue, but what has it got to do with BSE and CJD?

Yours sincerely,
CHRIS PADLEY,
Market Rasen, Lincolnshire.

Lookalike



Mastroianni

Major

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the startling resemblance between recently deceased Italian thespian Marcello Mastroianni and the soon-to-be (politically?) deceased — or has this already happened? — prime minister John Major. One of them may not exactly be having la dolce vita at the moment, but could they perchance be in any way related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
CIARAN WARD,
Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland.

Asia minors

Sir,

Does not your "Letter From Asia" writer (EYE *914) know that by sending little children down mines, into mills and up chimneys Britain became Great?*

Yours sincerely,
JOHN WALTER,
Morcambe, Lincs.

Video games

Sir,

Re: "Grave Accusation", Letters, EYE *913. Indeed I did not only notice but recently purchased Mr Angus Deayton's video* ONE FOOT IN THE GROIN.

Despite the strategically placed sticker, covering the last four letters of the word "groin" (presumably to obscure such a hideously offensive word!), alas I was not thrown.

Far from this being a callous ploy to deceive unwary shoppers into thinking they were getting a funnier video — I suggest any shopper finding himself duped by this practice will be in for a very pleasant surprise. Mr Deayton's exposé of sporting cheats is just hilarious.

Yours sincerely,
LAURA SCOTT,
Manchester.

Get my drift?

Sir,

No doubt you have read the SUNDAY TIMES *of 29 December. Taki was tacky to say the least: "Goldsmith tops the 1996 roll of honour". I wonder what Goldsmith sent Taki for Christmas, maybe just best wishes for lots of snow.*

Yours sincerely,
LYN FARTHING,
Highbridge, Somerset.

There is no greater failure in any education system than that our youngsters should fail to acquire minimum standards illiteracy and numeracy."

Herald & Post

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

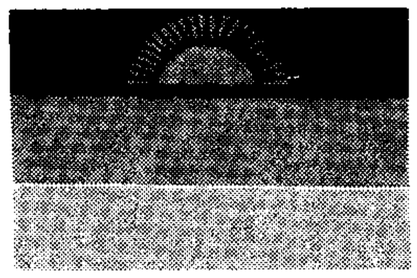
"I played against Sammy Lee — he was the same age as me at the time."
JOHN ALDRIDGE, BBC1
(M. Jackson)

"I do have dreams and nightmares, but when I wake up I instantly forget them and wipe the sheet clean."
MICHAEL BILLINGTON, Radio 4
(D Mainwood)

Friends actor: *I was eating in a restaurant and a fan handed me his baby.*
Gaby Roslin: *A live baby?*
Channel 4
(Rick Lowe)

"Sir Nicholas Scott will tonight make a final attempt to stand at his Kensington and Chelsea constituency."
Radio 4 News
(D.L. Chapman)

"Look at Stephen Hendry sitting there. Just staring into space — totally focused."
DAVID VINE, BBC2
(Harris Raphael)



Letter from Malawi

Sir,

Re: Brian Basham & Malawi. The verifiable truth is that I was first approached to help Malawi get its foreign aid back. I told the government that I would neither want, nor be able, to help unless they instituted fundamental human rights reforms. Eventually they agreed to a series of reforms which included the introduction of Habeas Corpus, the lifting of censorship, the release of political prisoners, the ending of sequestration of assets and many others. Only then did I agree to act and I am pleased to say that I was ultimately successful in helping to persuade the international community to restore aid.

I was then asked to help the MCP organize itself for a referendum and, subsequently, an election. As we believed inevitable, after 30 years or so of uninterrupted rule, the MCP lost but we were able to narrow the margin of defeat. I was not surprised but I was sorry because I was convinced that the reformed MCP was the only party qualified to govern Malawi. I remain of that view today.

Events since the last election support me. Prior to the election the Malawian unit of currency, the Kwacha, ran at between six and ten to the £1, now it runs at up to 30 (currently 23). This collapse of confidence has been brought about by the mismanagement of the country and its economy by the new government. As a result the people of Malawi, for the first time since independence, are experiencing starvation, the collapse of law and order and widespread corruption.

There is no doubt that the Banda regime was guilty of serious human rights abuses. It seems clear that the attitude of the MCP government was too much in the grip of a siege mentality born partly of the fact that Banda had been in power for so long and had received such widespread acclaim (particularly from successive British governments) and partly from a more understandable nervousness at being almost surrounded by Mozambique where a war had been going on for 16 years.

By the time I became involved, however, the MCP was ready to be persuaded to institute reform and I am pleased to have played a part in bringing about that reform. It also remains true the President Banda was the first lifetime president in Africa to institute a referendum, accept the result and then resign peacefully and with grace following defeat at an election which was praised for its conduct by all independent observers. I was pleased, also, to have been part of that process.

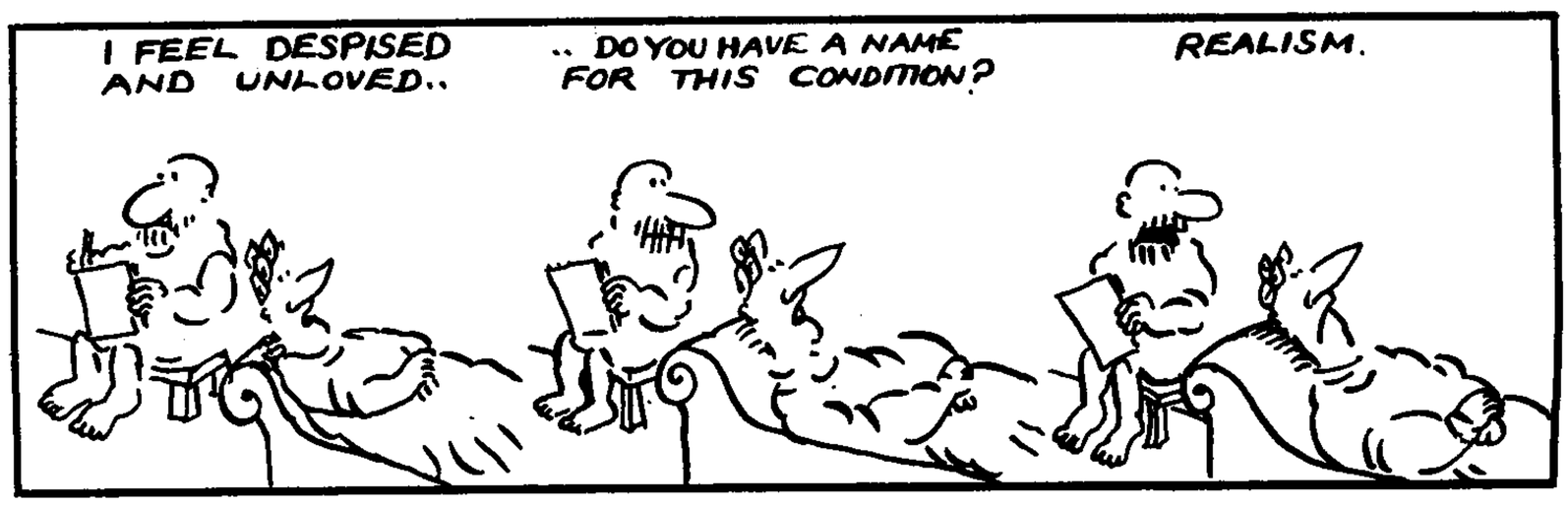
Those who played a part in supporting the opposition parties, particularly the Kennedy Foundation (which supported Aford) and the government of Kuwait (which supported the victorious and Moslem fundamentalist inclined UDF) owe an apology to the people of Malawi for the suffering they have caused.

As for the suggestion that my fee was £750,000, that is not true by a very long chalk indeed.

Yours sincerely,
BRIAN BASHAM,
London NW3.

HOM SAP

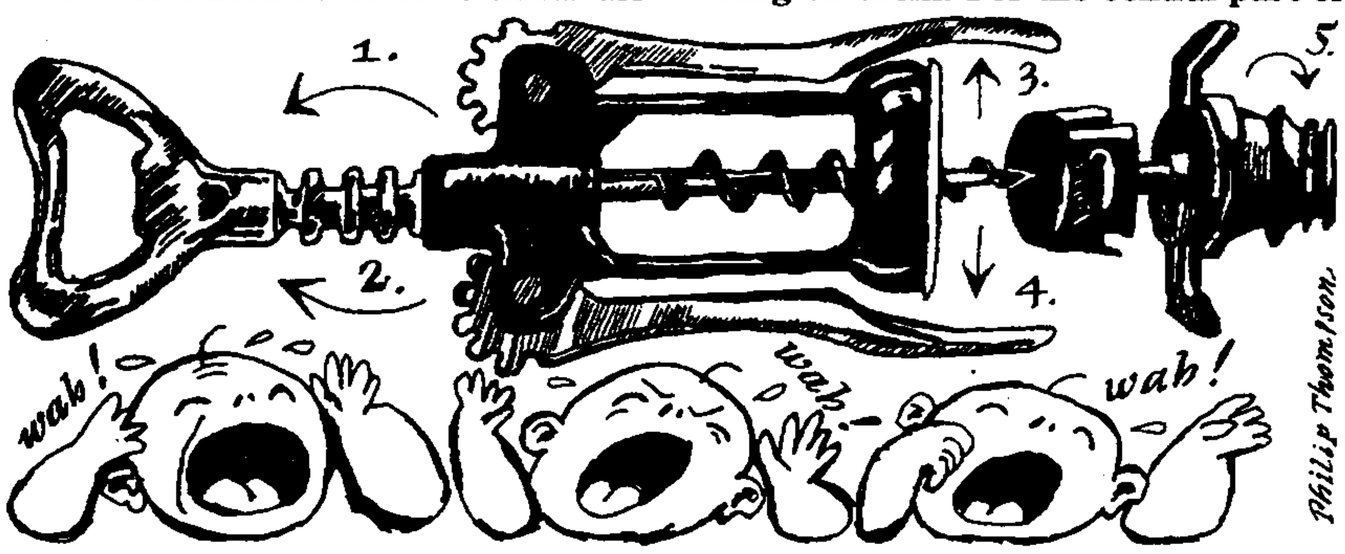
AUSTIN



FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "Perfect Circumcision in Minutes, Every Time! The Tara Klamp developed by Malaysia's finest engineers, takes the misery and uncertainty out of circumcision. This reusable, hand-held device, which operates like a corkscrew, is made from finest steel, and is available in various lengths and widths, to suit all ages. Simply depress, twist, and lift, and the prepuce is cleanly and painlessly removed, with minimal blood loss and discomfort.

"Now there need be no more embarrassing mishaps or painful slips at ceremonies. The Tara Klamp will shortly be available at stockists throughout the US, Canada, Europe, and the Middle East, retailing at $40." *(Clinica, 22/4/96. Spotter — Peter Hebblethwaite)*



—o—

● *"My invention will be a boon to all mankind," Tom Costello told reporters at his business headquarters in Rugby. "This filter really does work, and if only I'd invented it sooner it might well have saved my marriage."*

Costello was talking about his latest invention, Fartypants, designed to provide relief to flatulence sufferers, and those around them. "I have a serious flatulence problem, and my wife could not bear to be in the same street as me, let alone the same bed. I drink a lot of lager and eat a lot of curry, and that is a recipe for disaster. After she left me, I was looking at the way WWI troops protected themselves from mustard gas, and I thought that a carbon filter might solve my problem. We make the fabric liners, impregnate them with carbon and a special active ingredient, and you wear them like panty liners. Now at last I can sleep at night, confident that my partner will be spared my quite horrible gases.

"I've already registered my invention at the Patents Office, I have a workforce of four people, and we're hoping to start exporting to the continent soon. I could be creating jobs here as well. They should give me an award." (Watford Free Observer 7/11/96 Spotter — John Thomson)

—o—

● "My vomiting project is a work of art," declared Jubal Brown to a meeting of his supporters at Ontario College of Art and Design. "It's not mere chundering — I am destroying bourgeois art and liberating individuals from its banal, oppressive representation."

Brown, 22, who is currently under investigation by the college authorities (and threatened with legal action by two art galleries), described the thinking behind his current project: "I am protesting against the stale, obedient, lifeless crusts hanging everywhere in museums by vomiting on them. For the central part of my triptych, I selected 'Composition in Red, White, and Blue' by Piet Mondrian, hanging in the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Before visiting the museum, I feasted on blue food — blue Jello, blue cake icing — then went in and vomited over the painting. I didn't need to stick my fingers down my throat to induce vomiting — the painting's lifelessness made me sick.

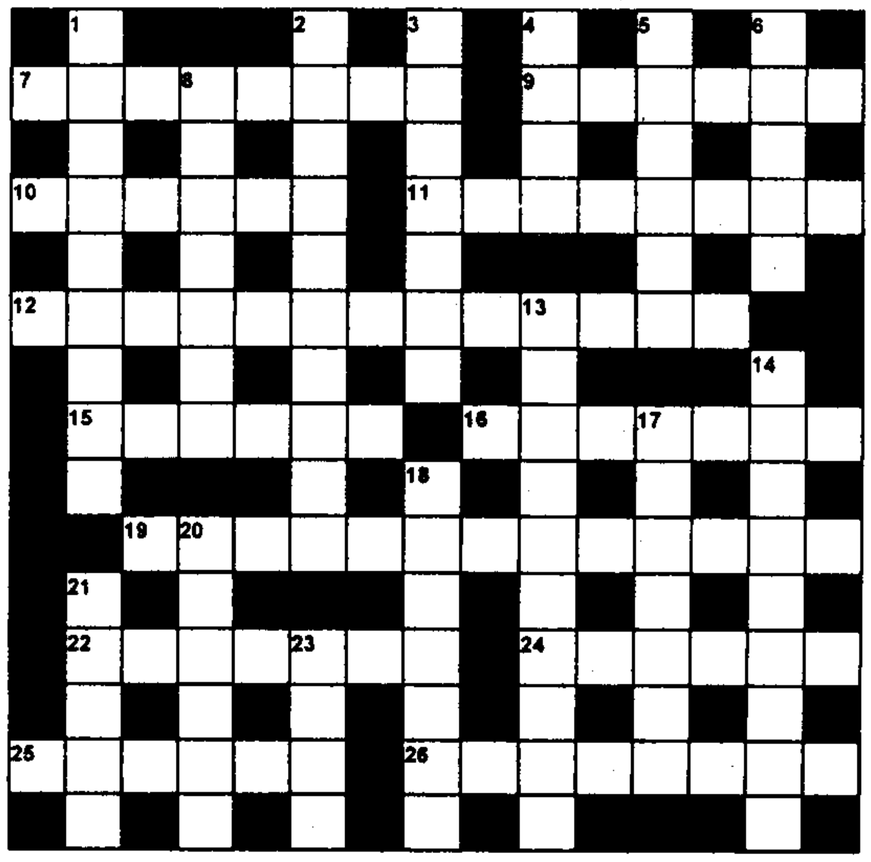
"The first part of the triptych — vomiting over Raoul Dufy's 'Harbour at le Havre' in the Art Gallery at Ontario — was completed in May, in front of an invited audience. I haven't yet decided on the painting for Phase III, but it will probably be something by Picasso. The greatest thing about my art is that it doesn't get stale like the rest of the art in the gallery. It only lasts a few minutes before the curator brings out the Kleenex and takes it away. Then I am asked to leave, often rudely." *(Toronto Globe and Mail, 30/11/96. Spotter — Graham Wyatt)*

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 70

by Cyclops — *£100 prize*



ACROSS

7 Show that gets the lads to act the wolf and gawp? (8)
9/23 Left, involved in principle worth fighting for, figure this is not for New Labour! (6,4)
10 The ultimate in transport? (6)
11 Vulnerable type, male, screwed with nothing on (4,4)
12 Exposing organs, the *Eye*'s scandalous way? (6,2,5)
15 City needs nuts — clear? (6)
16 Make as if on heroin, perhaps (7)
19 Court action — the old man's habit? (9,4)
22 Les excited, about to breath heavily — creep! (7)
24 Conservative function, protecting English language? (6)
25 Cartland lover grabs former city desk (6)
26 Maybe Thatcher the boozer gets your second in (8)

DOWN

1 Hospital cut that avoids issue (9)
2 Trendily experienced in our ways? (6-4)
3 Knocking off, swallowing Ecstasy (large) — Blair would distance himself from it (3,4)
4 Dirty film Ceausescu made internally (4)
5/17 Would-be big shot dictator? (6,7)
6 It protects the likes of that which craps all over the place! (5)
8 Crown pursues strife — and this delivers the killing blow (7)
13 Constitution needs attention — Dorrell's responsibility, supposedly (6,4)
14 Party — it's unhappy on the left! (9)
17 (see 5)
18 No, Norman lost it in Europe's first and last hi-jack location (7)
20 Victoria wasn't terribly mad about manhandling (6)
21 Issued a writ, reportedly — who does he think he's kidding? (5)
23 (see 9)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 17.01.97. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 69

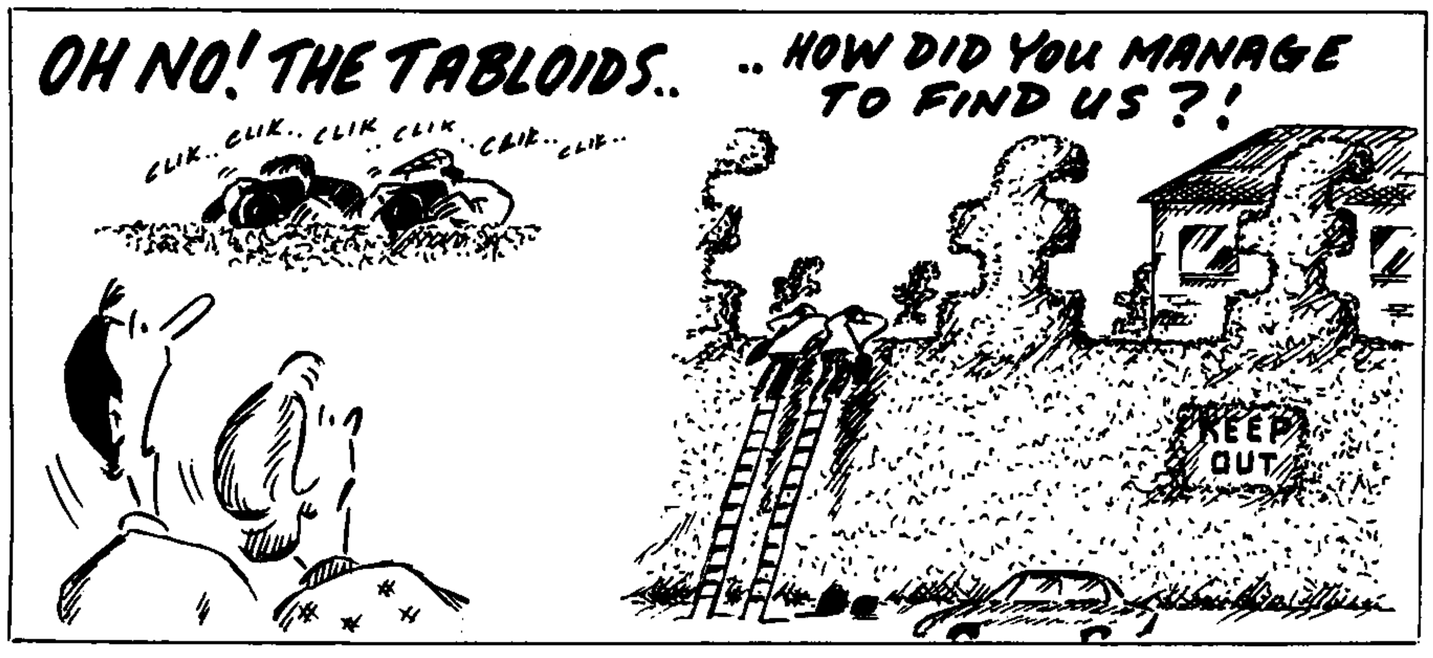
Winner: F.W. NOBLE

ACROSS: 8 John Birt 9 Union 10 Pommy 11 Naturist 12 Idol 13 (see 2) 14 Jump jet 16 Up yours 19 Boys in blue 21 CFCs 22 Dempster 23 Penis 24 (see 2) 25 Supermac.

DOWN: 1/21dn Pompidou Centre 2/13ac/24 Animal Liberation Front 3 City 4 Stand-by 5 Custard pie 6 Libretto 7 UNESCO 13 Lie in state 15 Pisspoor 17 Rock star 18 Flares 20 One-off 21 (see 1) 23 Papa.

The Lottery Winners

TURNER



IPFRONTIERS

goes to the most glamorous New Year parties in town

"**L-l-am** a bad boy," says the Oasis star as the **Chase** for **Lorraine** is on!?!? From now on, it's "What's the Story, Luton Airport?"?!?! We reckon she's his new **Gal-lagher**?!?!

Here's a **Lumley** lady!?! And look who Ab-Fab's **Joanna** is partying with?! None other than the Independent's top columnist **Suzanne Moore**!?! The Moore the merrier, sweetie darling?!? Independent ladies indeed!?!

"Ooh-aah, **Juliaah**!! **Cantonot** she score with **Eric**?!? If she wants to get United with her French fancy maybe she should try the full strip!?! Or perhaps an early bath together?!? **Carling**, you were wonderful!?!!

Don't cry Crocodile Shoes for me **Jimmy Nail**?!! That's what **Madonna** must be singing?! The two stars of the hit movie *Evita* make a lovely Per-on!?! Have you Eva seen anything like it?!?

He's not over the **Hill** yet!? Watch out, **Emma**, he's a real **Damon** with the ladies and he's not a-**Freud** to show it!?! Care for a spin?! Or is he just a bit too fast for a presenter-ble girl like you?!? Vrrm! Vrrm!!

Who's collared Ms **Mirren**?! Don't worry, **Helen**, it's just **William**!?! The Times might be a-changin' but **Rees-Mogg** is always a gentleman!? He's still in his *Prime* and I *Suspect* you're fascinated by his views on the Single European Currency!?!

(That's enough pisspoor captions to dreary PR photos. Ed)

COURT CIRCULAR

KLOSTERS, TUESDAY

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will arrive today at the bottom of the Ingmarberg Run accompanied by His Royal Highness the Prince Harry. They will be greeted by a Reception Committee led by Signor Slizi Papparazzo from Oggi magazine, Mr Ron Guzzer of the Sun newspaper and Señor Zumi Lenzi of the Spanish periodical Ola! After the photo-call, HRH will address the Committee on the importance of them pissing off pretty pronto while he gets on with his skiing holiday.

The Procession of the Ski Lifts will be formed as follows:

First Ski Lift

HRH the Prince of Wales, Miss Tara Masalata-Tomkinson, the Duke of Klosters.

Second Ski Lift

Chief Instructor Otto von Zippentrouser, HRH the Prince Harry of Ludgrove, Miss Tigella ("Tiggy") Winkel-Wankel.

Third Ski Lift

Miss Tiramisu Huntley-Palmer, Miss Santa Klaus von Bulow, Inspector Quentin Palmer-Tomkinson of the Royal Windsor Constabulary (Ski Division).

First Helicopter

M. Jean-Paul Snooper of Paris Match, Sven Snatchesson of the Stockholm photo-journal Skøp and Lady Antonia Holden of the Daily Express.

Hiding In Chalet

Mrs Smythe-Smith (HRH Camilla Palmer-Bowles).

Man In Chalet Garden Disguised As Snowman

Mr Eddie Bogg of the News of the World.

OXFORD BROOKES UNIVERSITY

Study Skills for Dyslexic Students

6th May 1997

Worcester College, Universtiy of Oxford

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Christmas Day

Christmas is in my judgement a private affair which is not to be discussed in a public document like a Secret Diary. Oh no.

Suffice to say I was in no small measure incandescent with rage to be woken up at 4am on Christmas morning by my brother Terry. "Congratulations, John," he said. "You are Radio 4's Personality of the Year. I am at Stringfellows and it has just been announced."

"I know that already," I told him in my stern well-informed voice. "Mr Dr Mawhinney told me the results *weeks* ago."

That certainly put my brother in his place — oh yes.

"So it was a fix?" he said rudely. "Just like when you won the Brixton's Best Scout Award sponsored by Worridge Camping Equipment."

"That was not a fix," I said. "Everyone in Squirrel Patrol voted for me."

"Only because you promised to buy them all choc-ices."

By this stage I had had enough of this conversation and put the phone down.

Boxing Day

A lot of jealous people like Mr Blair have been suggesting that the BBC Poll was rigged.

When I asked Mr Dr Mawhinney about this he assured me that he had not intervened in the contest. "In fact," he said, "I instructed all the staff at Central Office to ring every Conservative in the country and tell them not to let political considerations influence them when they voted for Mr Major."

New Year's Eve Eve

Mr Dr Mawhinney came round to see us and brought with him an advance copy of my Honours List.

I was delighted to see that one of my heroes Alec Bedser of Surrey Cricket Club has got a knighthood. Incidentally, Terry says on page 357 of his book (which I have not read) that I got Sir Alec's autograph on my school cricket bat. I did not. I got Alec's twin brother Eric Bedser's right next to Tony Lock and Jim Laker who were the great Surrey bowlers of their day. Oh yes.

"This list will certainly win me the election," I told Mr Dr Mawhinney when I had read the rest of it. "Young pop singers like Cilla Black, Frankie Vaughan and Paul McCartney will really appeal to the first time voters," I said.

"Surely you mean last-time voters," said Norman, missing the point once again.

New Year's Eve

As Norman and I prepared to see the New Year in at Chequers, which is our country home, she seemed to be in strangely high spirits. "Not much longer now," she kept on saying, as I laid the tray for our special New Year's Eve TV Dinner, which for once was not made of frozen cheese bits but was an Asda Turkey Tandoori Meal for Two with all the trimmings (rice).

We watched a video of one of my favourite films, "I'm Alright Jack", which was about how awful trade unions were in the days before Majorism swept them all away. Then at 10 o'clock we decided that we couldn't wait up, so Norman shouted "Ring out the old, ring in the New Labour," which was her idea of a very brilliant joke, although in my judgement it was not very funny.

New Year's Day

What a wonderful start to this historic year! We are definitely going to win the election now, after the amazing interview on the Today programme by a Mr Herr Kinkel, who is one of Mr Herr Kohl's top advisers. He came on early this morning with a New Year Message to the people of Britain, telling them to vote Labour or Germany would declare World War Three. At least I think this is what he said, as I was still a bit hung-over after all the cocoa I had drunk the night before! I was so excited by this astonishing gaffe that I rang up Mr Rifkind who is in charge of my policy on Europe (except for my policy on the Single Currency, which is Mr Clarke's responsibility). "Wasn't Mr Herr Kinkel marvellous?" I said. "Do you think Mr Dr Mawhinney put him up to it?"

New Year Holiday Thursday

Mr Dr Mawhinney has admitted that getting the Germans to tell everyone to vote Labour was not his idea, but he says he has now come up with an even better one. He rang me up in great excitement to explain what he called his new "Master Strategy For Winning The Election By A Landslide (Even Though We Were Not Going To Lose Anyway)". "It's very simple, John," he said, "but brilliant. We concentrate the whole campaign on Blair, telling the voters that, because he hasn't got any policies, he is having to focus his whole campaign on you. Then we dig up all the dirt on him we can find, and accuse him of playing dirty."

Sometimes I have to admit that Mr Dr Mawhinney is not as stupid as he looks!

New Year Saturday

My new friend Mr Dorrell has spoken out against Europe. "We are all in favour of a free trade area," he said, "but we are wholly opposed to losing the election."

The press are saying that this means Mr Dorrell is after my job. "Oh no," I said. "That is what Mr Clarke is doing. Mr Dorrell is restating my position which I am not doing because I do not want to look stupid. Oh yes."

Sunday

When I went on the Mr Sir David Frost show on television he was very nice to me and gave me the answers as well as the questions in advance.

"First I will say: 'Hello, good morning and welcome'. To which you will spontaneously say: 'I'm feeling cool, calm and elected'."

"Why do I say that?" I asked.

"It is a joke," Mr Sir David assured me, "and it will show you have a sense of humour."

After the programme Mr Sir David said that I had been "super" and what would be even more "super" would be if he was Lord Frost like Lord Webber.

Monday

I was given a clipping today of an excellent article in the Daily Telegraph which turned out to have been written by me.

I made a number of very good points in my judgement about the importance of the family in this age of moral uncertainty.

It obviously struck a chord in the party because this morning every single paper has got photographs of one of my MPs Mr Jerry Hayes and his family on the front pages.

How can we possibly lose the election now?

MIRACULOUS POSTER DRAWS HUGE CROWDS

by Our Religious Staff **Lunchtime O'Done**

CROWDS flocked to the site of a new poster unveiled today following claims that "tears of blood" had appeared on it overnight.

The tears appear to come from a female member of the public who is visibly distressed. The Tory faithful believe that the poster has miraculous powers and will win them the next election.

"Miracles have been known to happen," said a local doctor, Brian Mawhinney, "and the woman is weeping because she believes Labour will get into power. She is weeping for all the suffering in the world that will be caused by Mr Blair getting elected."

Others however are more sceptical about the so-called weeping woman.

"It is all a con-trick," said poster expert Peter Mandelson. "The woman is crying with laughter at how bad the new Conservative campaign is."

Man in the Eye

Steve Twitton, Creative Director of the advertising agency, Saatchole and Saatchole

STEVE Twitton is only 19 but already he is being described as "one of the most useless admen ever". He is behind the latest Conservative poster with its brilliant catchy slogan "New Posters, No Voters".

Steve is a bit of a rebel and refuses to wear any trousers to work, even on visits to Downing Street, which drew him to the attention of Mr Jerry Hayes, MP for Harlington. A keen fan of popular music he likes Yogurt, Blah, NCP, and the Old Spice Boyz.

MEDICAL BRIEFING

Dr Thomas Stuttaford

The danger of wearing no trousers

As temperatures drop to -7° it is very unwise to go to work with no trousers on. Blood in the lower legs quickly turns to ice causing *(cont. page 94)*

School news

St Cakes

Pride Term (formerly Lent) begins today. There are 375 boys and 385 girls in the school. E. John (Cross-dressers) is Head Boy and Head Girl. Miss J. Winterton (Burchills) is Captain of Le Creuset. The speaker on St Cakes Day (June 2nd) will be the MP for Harlow, Mr Jerry Hayes (OC), and there will be a concert by the school orchestra immediately afterwards. They will play work by Sir Michael Tippett, Lord Britten, and Sir Frederick Mercury. There will be a performance by the choir of the St Matthew Paris on March 14th. Outings will be held on St Tatchell's Day (March 31st). The Gay OC Lodge will meet at the LeatherZone, Old Compton Street, London W1. Tickets from the Secretary John Lyttle (OC), c/o The Independent.

PARLIMENT HILL SCHOOL
Highgate Road, NW5 1R1
0171 485 7077

Come and visit the school that's always one step ahead!

Ham & High

MP CONFESSES TO SECRET 'LOVE TALKS'

by Our Political Staff
Jerry Gayes

THE senior Liberal MP Mr Paddy Pantsdown admitted last night that he had had secret meetings with an attractive young leader of the Labour Party, Mr Tony Blair.

"We met several times," confessed Pollsdown, "but nothing improper took place."

However, letters that have come into Private Eye's possession (because we bought them) reveal that an intense affair developed between the two men. In one passionate missive Mr Ashtray declared:

Dear Tony,

We have so much in common. We must be together more. Perhaps forever. We have so much to share, you and I, and we could make a go of it for certain. I know that you are worried about your party finding out and I too have that problem. But we must be brave and follow the love that dare not speak its name, ie a Lib/Lab Pact.

Yours sincerely,

The Rt Hon Patrick Passionfruit,

The Old Cottage, Yeovil.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir, As usual I have compiled my customary list of the year's most popular christian names from the Births columns of the Times newspaper. The results are as follows:

Boys

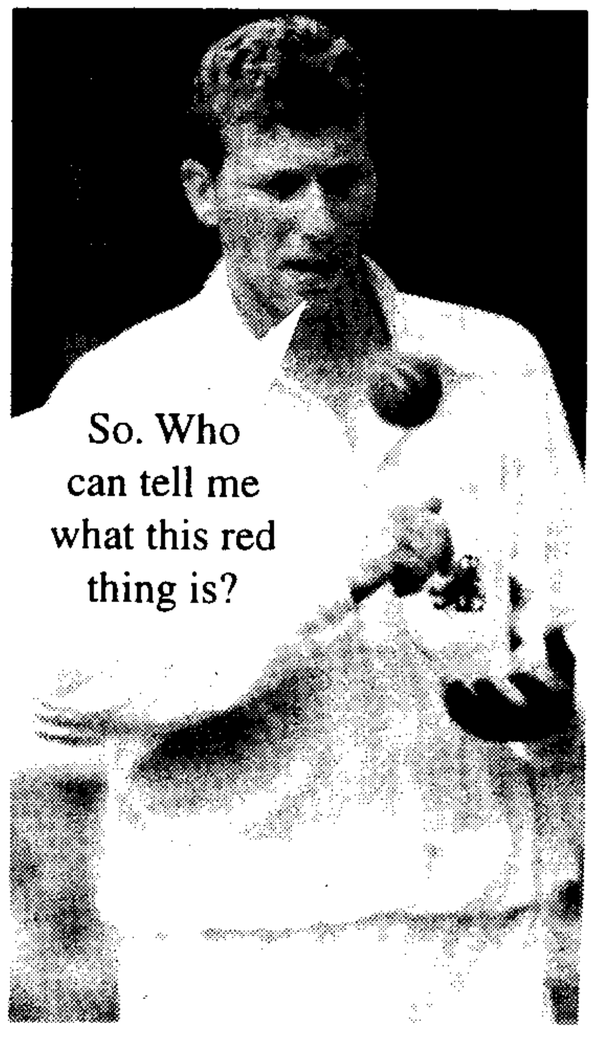
1. Buzz; 2. Imran; 3. Taki; 4. Sebag-Montefiore; 5. Del; 6. Tel; 7. Mel; 8. Prince Charles; 9. Van der Post; 10. Peregrine Worsthorne

Girls

1. Tara; 2. Jemima; 3. Spice; 4. Bel; 5. Shel; 6. Mel; 7. Victoria Coren; 8. Madame Vasso; 9. Esther; 10. Lady Lucinda Lampton.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD E. SCHWARZENEGGER (OBE),
The Old Nuthouse, Nr Bath.

ENGLAND GO BACK TO BASICS



LLOYD WEBBER HONOURED

by Our Honours Correspondent
Andrew Lloyd-George

THE COMPOSER Sir Andrew Lloyds-Bank was delighted last night when told that he had been made a Life Peer in the New Year's Honours List.

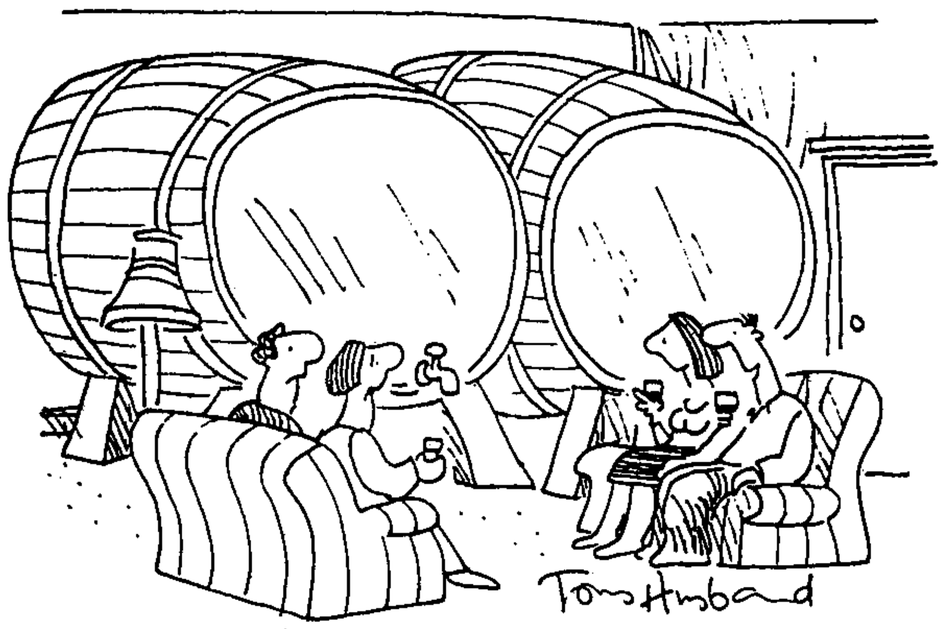
Sir Andrew becomes Andrew Lord Webber, and said that he was especially honoured to be listed as "a composer".

Sir Lord Webber has written some of the biggest cheques the Tory Party has ever known. They include such well-known cheques as "Pay Margaret Thatcher £10m" and "Pay John Major £20m".

Sir Keith Joseph & His Amazing Technicolour Conservative Party

Tory experts denied criticism that the cheques were not memorable. "Everyone started whistling when they saw how big the cheques were," said a spokesman. "Andrew proved once and for all that American cheque-writers are not the only people who can write catchy cheques."

Sir Tim Rice is only a Knight.



"Yes, we're fond of our wine"

Roger Moore

How they are not related any more

Luisa Moore

Old Moore
|
St Thomas Moore
|
St Charles Moore
|
The Saint
|
Roger Moore
|
Roger Someone Else
|
007½ (Million Pounds Poorer)

Miss Moneypenny
|
Miss Manypounds
|
Miss Moneybags
|
"Pursey" Galore
|
Plenty O'Loote
|
Tiffany Account
|
007½ (Million Pounds Richer)

The Official Solicitor proudly presents

FRED WEST SIDE STORY

the film they said should never be made
(and they were right)

Throw up to such legendary hit songs as:

I've Just Killed A Girl Called Maria
I'm Innocent, Officer Krupke
I Feel Pretty Homicidal
There's A Place For Us (Under The Cellar Floor)

and many others too disgusting to even think about.

Starring
Anthony Hopkins
as the serial killer who shocked a generation

All proceeds to surviving relatives of the late Sir Frederick West, who will then send the money back in disgust to the Official Solicitor, Mr Peter "Only Doing My job" Harris on the grounds that they do not want it. He will then be fired by Lord McKay of Clashfern.

GARY WITH ANOTHER DOCTOR?
YEAH. HE STILL CAN'T ACCEPT IT'S ALL IN HIS HEAD AND HE JUST FEELS ILL TO GET ATTENTION.
EVER COMPLAIN OF PAIN HERE?
YES
AND HERE AND HERE?
YES.
SAD ISN'T IT?
AND SO OBVIOUS TO EVERYONE BUT GARY.
THE WORLD
AND HERE?
SEVERAL TIMES.

30-Year Papers reveal

WILSON WORE GANNEX RAINCOAT

by Our 30 Year Rule Staff **R. Kive**

LABOUR prime minister Harold Wilson often wore a Gannex raincoat and smoked a pipe, hitherto-secret papers revealed today.

Among the documents made public for the first time under the 30 year rule is an invoice from Macs 'R Us Rainwear (J. Kagan prop), Huddersfield and Moscow, which reads:

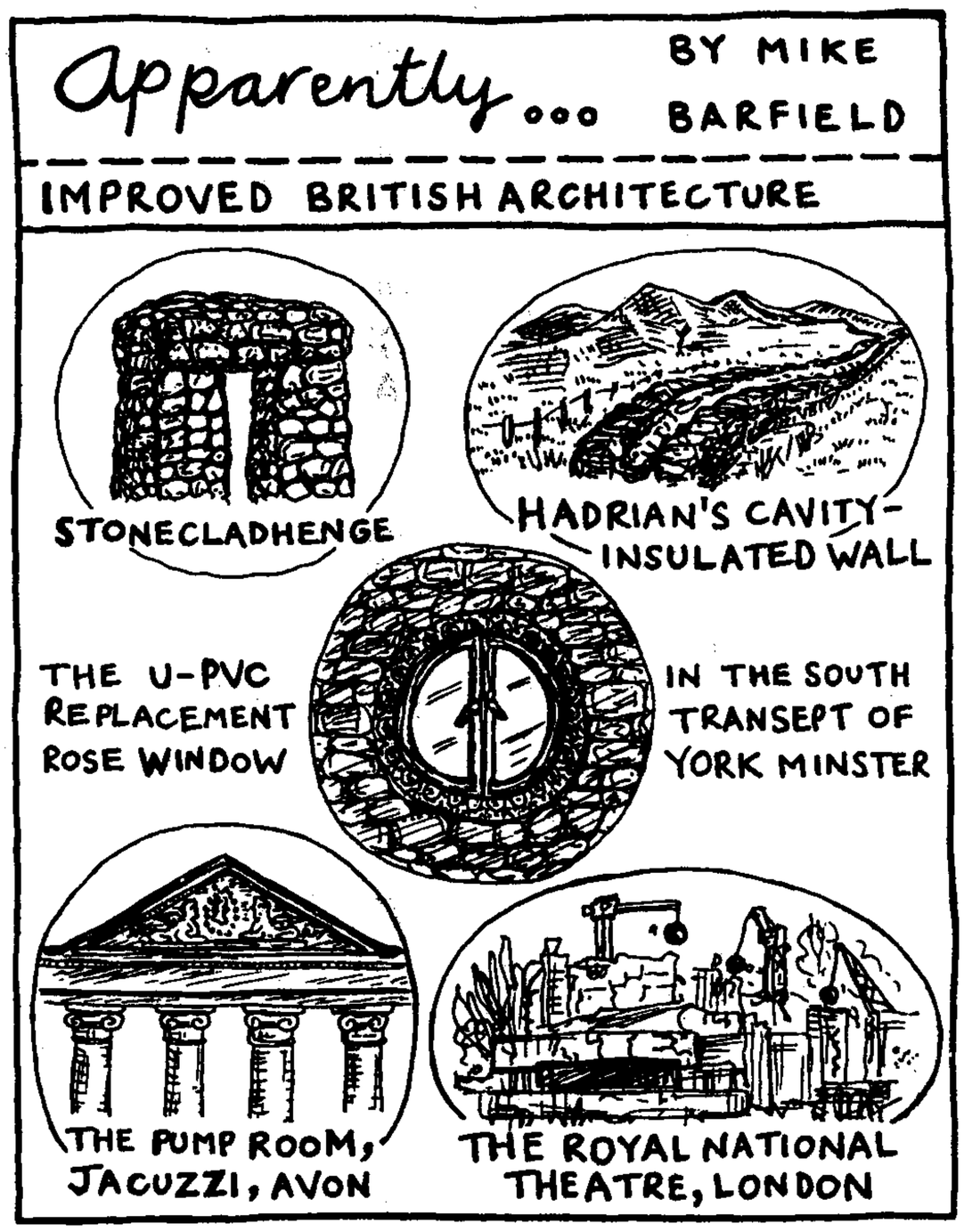
> To supplying Mr J.H. Wilson, one gent's medium all-weather raincoat, with tartan collar, as per order £7/16s/2d, less VIP discount @ 2.5%.
>
> Cash by return or I spill the beans about Marcia.
>
> Your old friend,
> J.K.

World-famous historian Sir Peter Hennessy, author of Inside Whitehall and other very boring books, writes:

"Today's revelations are truly sensational. We are confronted by the very stuff of history. We have here the final clue we historians have been searching for, to complete our understanding of the great devaluation crisis of 1967."

Among other shock revelations from the newly released Government papers are that:

- **Wilson sent a secret birthday card to the President of the United States Lyndon Johnson.**
- **Wilson made a top-secret visit in August 1966 to a secret hideaway on the Scilly Isles.**
- **A top-secret MI5 investigation revealed that Wilson and other colleagues were paid-up members of the Labour Party, a well-known Socialist pressure group.**
- **Wilson secretly met the Queen on a number of occasions for high-level talks.** *(That's enough 30-Year Rule revelations. Ed.)*


Apparently... BY MIKE BARFIELD
IMPROVED BRITISH ARCHITECTURE
STONECLADHENGE
HADRIAN'S CAVITY-INSULATED WALL
THE U-PVC REPLACEMENT ROSE WINDOW
IN THE SOUTH TRANSEPT OF YORK MINSTER
THE PUMP ROOM, JACUZZI, AVON
THE ROYAL NATIONAL THEATRE, LONDON

"Before us glisten the most precious set of economic jewels this country has known for generations: low inflation, falling employment, record investment, a competitve edge."

John Major (Grauniad)

He is the classic case of two brains and no common sense – **Labour's Brain Wilson,** *on the resignation of David Willetts*

Independent

EXCLUSIVE TO THE DAILY MAIL

Princess Nigel

by Margaret Windsor

IN the 60s he was considered risqué, the naughty boy who told tales and played jokes on the stuffier members of the Royal journalist family. A heavy smoker and drinker, he was always getting into scrapes and embarrassing Lord Rothermere. With his fashionable flared trousers and kipper tie he was everyone's idea of a debonair man about town.

But today Princess Nigel is a reformed character, writes Margaret Windsor in this deeply moving new biography, first published in 1966.

Nowadays the Princess lives quietly in the Daily Mail, unobtrusively sucking up to the rich and powerful, and is considered a responsible older statesman whose advice is sought by Sir James Goldsmith, Sir Jeffrey Archer and Lady Olga Maitland.

Read this incredibly boring story only in the Mail because no one else would print it.

Lines On Receiving The OBE
by Sir Roger McGough, Poet

I've got the OBE.
What me?
The OBE?

That's good, you see,
For Liverpool and me.

Yes — me,
And Cilla Black.
Though John Lennon had an MBE
And he gave it back.

And now it's me.
The OBE.
(Is this enough?)

Roger McGonnagal OBE

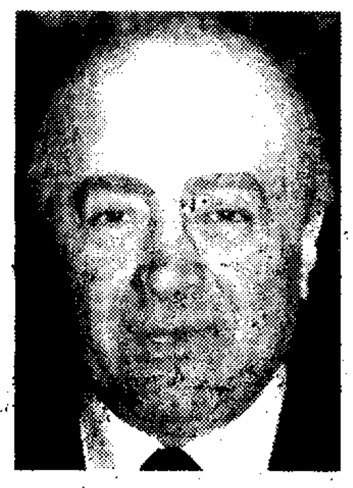
While there is no specific role for her as a director Delia's particular area of expertise, she believes, could bring about some significant changes.

"It would be wonderful to have a restaurant, a wine bar and brassiere which the community could use.

Eastern Daily Press

Sir Buzz Lightyear. Services to being as popular as the Government would like to be.

Sir Christopher Evans. Services to Youth Broadcasting and Charity Work with Nasal Stress.



Lord Fayed. Services to Magazine Archaeology.

Lord Gallagher. Services to Overseas Exports and Charity Work with Nasal Stress.

Dame Amanda Allwood. Services to Embryological Research.

Sir Neddington Twinkwell. Services to Broadcasting and the Male Escort Industry in the South London area.

(Continued from page one)
for services to Genetically Improved Cauliflowers; Mr Charles Whitmarsh, Senior Swimming Instructor, The Ann Clwyd Leisure Centre, Llanlilo, Powys; Mrs Wendy Fitzsimmons, Area Coordinator, Scrabble for Distressed Gentlefolk, Cumberland.

MCP

Mr Fletcher Christian, Postmaster-General, Pitcairn Islands. Services to the Post Office in the Pitcairn Islands (open Wednesday); Mr J.J.J. Sheepshagger, Chief Veterinary Officer, Falkland Islands, for services to sheep in the Falkland Islands; R.B.J. Money-Launderer, Chairman of the Cayman Islands Money Launderama, Grand Cayman; Eric Garcia Mendez-Smythe, Chief Primate Superintendent, "Apes 'R Us", Gibraltar.

ELO

Mr Wilfred Splenge, Managing Director Splenge Brothers. For services to Technical Exports to the Indonesian Market (arms); Mr R.J. Stagecoach, Managing Director British Rail, for services to the Privatisation of the Railway Industry; Mr S.O.S. Blackout, Chief Fire Prevention Officer, Channel Tunnel; F.P.J. Standpipe, Chairman Yorkshire Water plc, for services to drought; Mr L.S.D. Riot, Governor of the Toxteth Private Correction Centre (plc).

YMCA

Sir Bufton Tufton, Conservative MP (Lymeswold) for services to electrical kettle manufacturing in England and Wales; Sir Nicholas Scott, Conservative MP (Kensington), for services to the Highland Analgesic Industry; Sir William Waldegrave, Conservative MP (Bristol West) for services to sophistry and duplicity in England and Wales; Sir Neil Hamilton, Conservative MP (Sleazewold) for services to the Labour Party. *(That's enough honours. Ed.)*

ROW GROWS OVER SHOCKING 'PAEDOPHILE' STORY

by Our Film Staff **Barry Normal**

THE CONTROVERSIAL story of an old man's love for a 14-year-old girl in his care last night ran into trouble with the censors.

Many believe that in today's climate it is not acceptable to read stories about paedophilia in the Mail on Sunday, even if they involve respectable literary figures such as Sir Laurens van der Post.

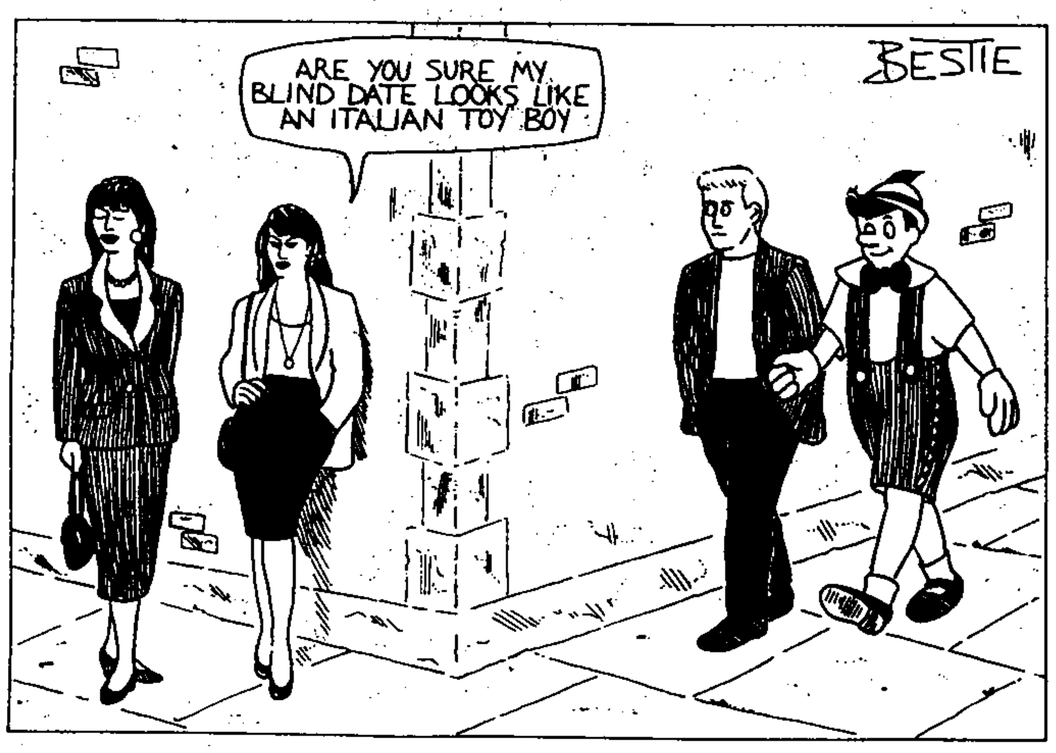
Voyage to the Interior

The story tells of a rich South African born guru and friend of Prince Charles who is entrusted with the care of an innocent girl travelling to Britain. During the journey, Sir Herbert van der Humbug (to be played in the film by Sir Jeremy Irons) becomes besotted with his young charge. They become lovers and she later has his child but by this point Sir Lolita van der Post-Coitum is embarrassed by the affair and when she seeks to renew the acquaintance he gives her the cold shoulder.

Bushman

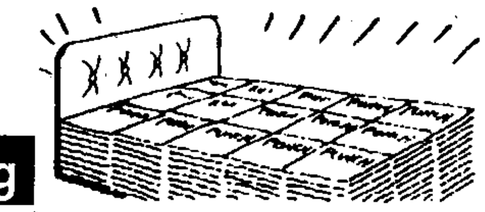
Feminists and moralists have joined forces to condemn the story, "Merry Christmas, Sir Laurens, I'm Your Daughter" as a disgusting attempt to titillate Middle England with a seedy story about a dirty old man.

Prince Charles is 69.

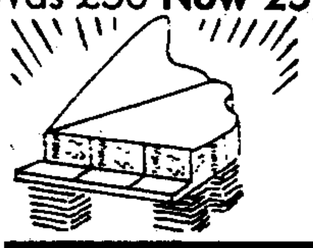


Harrods
SALE
STARTS TODAY
Amazing Bargains In All Departments

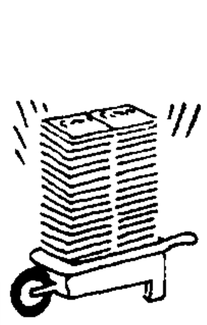
Haberdashery
25 copies of Punch
Was £50 **Now 25p**

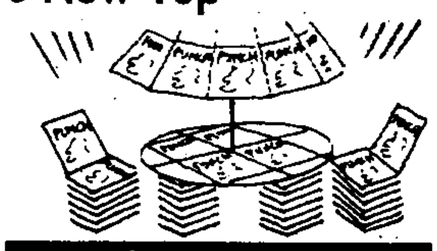


Bedding
50 copies of Punch
Was £100 **Now 18p**

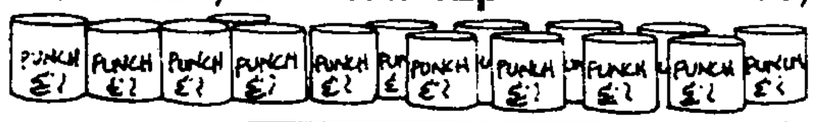


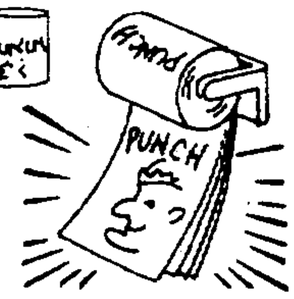
Grand Pianos
10,000 copies of Punch
Was £20,000 **Now 12p**





Garden Furniture
200,000 copies of Punch
with FREE wheelbarrow
Was £400,000 **Now 9p**





Toilet Requisites
2 million copies of Punch
with FREE delivery
Was £4 million **Now 1p**

There's only one sale
(of Punch Magazine per week)

EXCLUSIVE TO ALL PAPERS

Who are they — the movers and shakers of 1997?

Who's really in and who's really out?

Jim Mover, 22, highly acclaimed director-waiter at the Soho Pizza Express. His startling Edinburgh debut piece last year has led to a great deal of work in the West End.

Tania Shaker, 27, Fashion PR agent responsible for putting the Quentin de Trouser label on the designer map. Bubbly, vivacious and unemployed, Tania is known to frequent fashionable Soho eateries, such as the Pizza Express.

Dave Really-In, 25, party organiser and DJ. Dave's Mobile Disco is essential at the capital's poshest raves. From his bedsit in Kensal Green Dave literally creates the Sounds of London 1997. Catch him now at the happening W1 Brasserie, the Pizza Express.

Damien Really-Out, 29, instalment artist. Last year he was the toast of the Boho scene and featured in this column as England's hottest new poet *(surely 'artist'? Ed.)*. Now widely tipped never to be heard of again. His work has recently been painted over in the lavatories of arty Restaurant/Galleria, the Pizza Express.

Vanessa Hack, 24, single, journalist, hence only person in newspaper office over New Year left to write traditional "Movers & Shakers" piece. Widely tipped to be writing "Look Back at 97" feature in 12 months' time. Can be seen desperately looking for ideas at trendy medialand hang-out, the Pizza Express.

(Reprinted from the Sun)

GARRY BULLSHIT On the Box

Garry's awards for 1996

Biggest Bum: Molly Slapper of EastEnders. Blimey! What a big one!

Worst Soap: Emmerdale — why can't they get someone with a nice big bum in it!?

Best Soap: Emmerdale! Corr! I've never seen so many beautiful big bums!

Best Bonk: Coronation Street, when Tosser got his end away with Sharon! What a great bum she's got!

Garry's All-Time Greats

1. Del Boy — Good riddance to a great comic performer!

2. The Street's Rita Street — Now there's a lady with a fantastic big bum!

3. EastEnders — Chokey and his gay Indian lover Sharkey. What a pair of plonkers!??

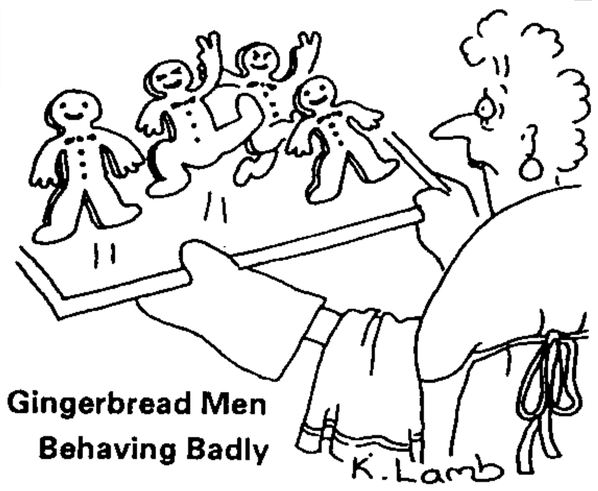
Garry's hope for 1997

I hope someone with a big bum has a bonk in one of the soaps! Corr!!

Britain's Number One Television Critic will be back tomorrow

Brian Clough was an unexpected guest at Gay Meadow yesterday to watch Notts County take on Rotherham. Clough, said to have been receiving treatment last week in a Staffordshire clinic for an alcohol-related illness, seemed in good spirits.

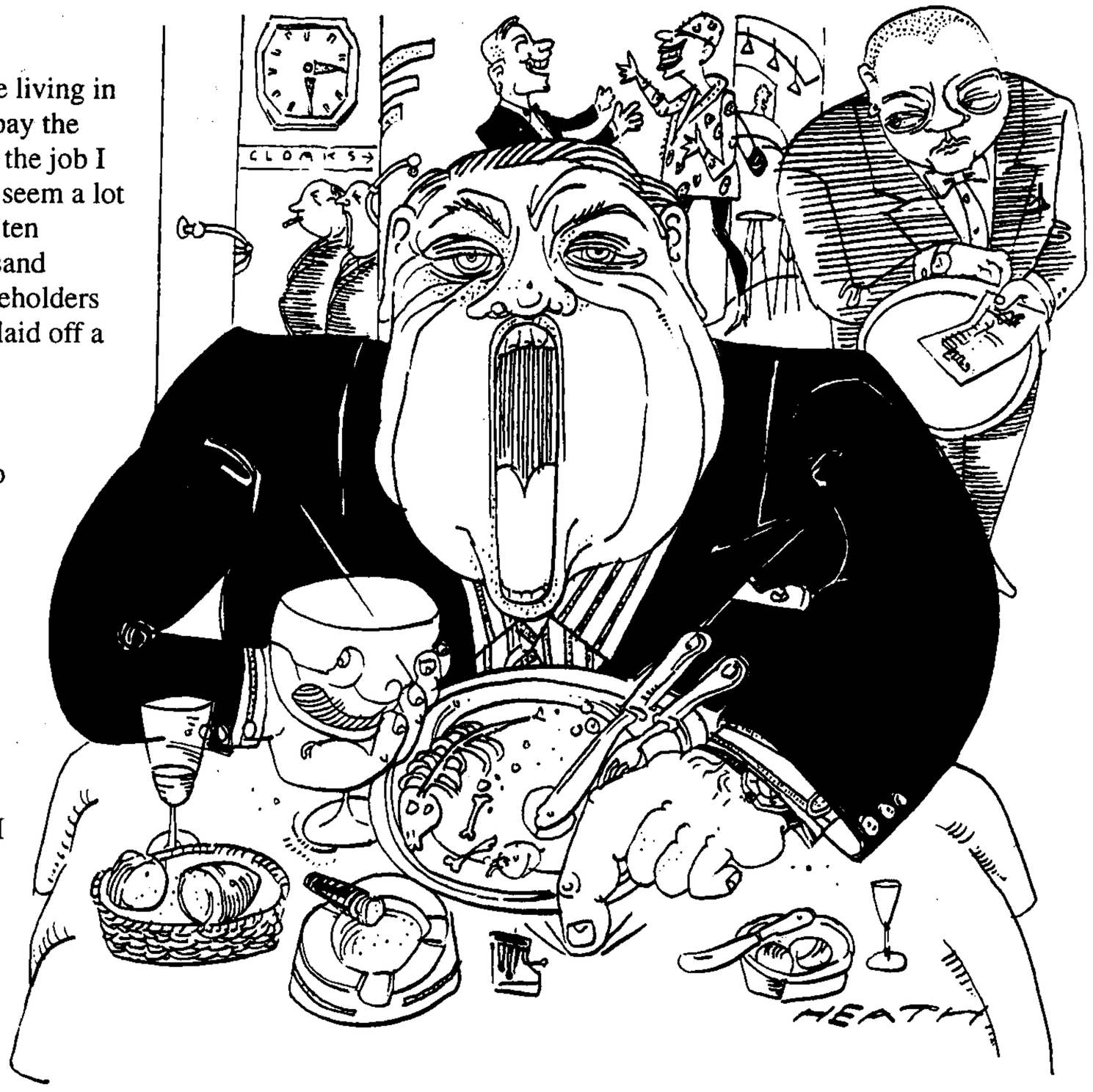
Sunday Telegraph



Gingerbread Men Behaving Badly

Harry Enfield's **Class Bores** Drawn by **Michael Heath**

4. The Real World



"I mean what people don't realise is that we're living in the *real world* and in the *real world* you have to pay the right price to attract the right quality of person to the job I mean a salary of half a million quid a year might seem a lot of money to some people but I'm responsible for ten thousand employees and it used to be thirty thousand before I took over but I'm responsible to my shareholders and to tell you the truth I think I did the people I laid off a favour I mean I brought them down to earth and taught them that they were living in the *real world* and in the *real world* they'd simply priced themselves out of jobs I mean how can I justify to my shareholders paying someone twenty grand a year when I can get a Chinese chappie to do the same job for $100 a month? I mean there *was* a spot of trouble at our Beijing factory and my chum Li Peng had to teach the ringleaders that they were living in the *real world* by executing them but we have to respect their different cultures and traditions I mean we're living in the *real world* we may not always like it but it's the *real world* and we must respect it. In many ways I think our Chinese chums can teach us a lesson or two about the *real world* I mean when we opened the Beijing factory what did the twenty thousand we laid off in Barchester do? Did they move to China *where the jobs are*? No! They ran whingeing to the dole office I mean they're simply not living in the *real world*..."

From the Referendum Bunker

Bulletin No. 94

Achtung!

So, Mr Major-Bond, the moment of destiny has arrived.

I would so like to wish you a happy New Year. But I am afraid for you 1997 will be the year of your final obliteration. Heh, heh, heh. *(Strokes "White Hell Covers Britain" headline from Daily Telegraph)* I know why you are smiling, Mr Bond. Because you have read that one of my agents has defected to my rivals at SKED.

But do not think for a minute that I am in any way concerned by the betrayal of the worthless traitor Bostick. I do not give the man Bostick a moment's thought. I have forgotten this unspeakable bacillus already. Have I not, Bostick, I mean Taki? *(Enter swarthy Greek in Union Jack T-shirt bearing legend "Sir Jams For King")* Taki, show Mr Major-Bond our latest division of shock troops, the Ulster Marmite Democratic Army, led by their fearless commander Agent Trimble. *(Nine middle-aged men in suits and orange sashes abseil from ceiling and begin throwing Oddjob-style bowler hats at effigy of Major)*

You thought they were on your side, Mr Bond, did you not? I am so sorry to disappoint you. *(Ulster Brigade retrieve bowler hats and begin marching up and down singing "From Ulster With Love", "Oranges Are Forever" and "Dr No Surrender")*

And now Mr Bond, I must begin the countdown to the moment of your destruction. You have exactly four months, if you are lucky. And then you will make your final humiliating exit.

And now I have another little nuisance to attend. Our friends at SKED are becoming a little above themselves.

(Puts on Dalek suit and enters mother ship "Ref 1", which takes off immediately for Planet Klingfilm. Voice of Sir Jammy Fishquota is heard shouting "Exterminate, exterminate", as spaceship disappears into deep space)

Issued by the Referendum Party of Great Britain

(prop. Sir J. Goldfinger, c/o Rancha Los Billionairos, England, Mexico)

RECORD FIGURES FOR TV'S DUL BOY

by Spectator TV Staff **James Delboyingpole**

THE inexplicably long-running TV character Dul Boy broke all records this Christmas when an extraordinary 0 million people watched him appear for the last time.

The adventures of Dul Boy in the series *Only Fools and Arses* has proved one of the least popular sitcoms of all time and has made the ambitious loser from two rooms in Brixton a nationwide figure of fun.

Plonker

But this Christmas Dul Boy, otherwise known as John Major, is finally quitting.

There will be no more hilarious escapades with Dul Boy and his dodgy friends trying to flog off the nation's assets at rock bottom prices.

Luvvley Jobless

Never again will we see him narrowly avoiding the law as he tries to set up just one more deal.

Even his creator, Margaret Thatcher, says: "The nation has had enough of him. He was quite funny at first but now he's just boring. I'm working on a new character called Costa Del Boy played by Michael Portillo."

John Major is 22 million votes behind.

SUPERMODELS KERBER

Literary Review

The Lifelessness of O'Brian

The Yellow Admiral
Patrick O'Brian
(HarperCollins, £15.99)

C.S. FORESTER began writing his Napoleonic sea sagas in 1937. Before he died in 1966, he had gradually elevated his hero, Horatio Hornblower, to the rank of admiral.

Patrick O'Brian was born only 15 years later than Forester but he has managed to carry on his Forester-pastiche, which began in 1969, right up to the present day. *The Yellow Admiral*, incredibly, is his 18th novel about his heroes: Jack Aubrey, the sailor, and Stephen Maturin, the doctor and spy — and it is by no means intended to be the last.

The main theme this time is the question of whether Captain Jack Aubrey will at last be promoted to admiral or whether he will be effectively relegated by being made a rear-admiral in the non-existent "Yellow Squadron" — in its day, the naval equivalent of the Chiltern Hundreds. Surprise, surprise, despite the title, it doesn't happen. On the very last page, he is suddenly recalled to duty, taking command of a new group of ships. It's February 28th 1815 and "Napoleon escaped from Elba the day before yesterday", don't you know. Here beginneth novel number nineteen... *The Yellow Admiral* has been little more than an intermission.

O'Brian, now 82, writes decent, genial but slightly dull homages to Forester: historically more accurate but less exciting. What's odd is not that he should want to do this — everybody's got a hobby, some people collect beer mats — but the amazing popularity he has won in recent years. In the eighties he was a relatively little known cult author. Now we're in the middle of an O'Brian boom.

He's a bestseller in the States and fashionable with it: the former secretary of state, Warren Christopher, and Don Graham, the publisher of the *Washington Post*, are among those proud to be addicts. In Britain, O'Brian is, famously, the favourite reading of Max Hastings. For years he was devotedly pushed by both the *Telegraphs*. Now Hastings has moved to the *Standard* and the good work has continued. A.N. Wilson, the *Standard*'s quaint literary editor, wisely included O'Brian in his recent list of "one hundred books that everyone should read" (the one beginning with Pluto) and the paper sponsored a huge banquet for O'Brian at Greenwich, attended by Fatty Soames, Danielle Steel, Sir Pigling Bland and Mark Knopfler, at which William Waldegrave gave a speech calling O'Brian "one of the greatest storytellers in the English language".

O'Brian also won the first "Heywood Hill" dim-but-nice Prize, designed to highlight easy reading for the upper classes. He has received a CBE. There's a CD of Aubrey's favourite music and a web discussion site. His fans include A.S. Byatt and that well-known sailor Jan Morris. What on earth's going on?

The Yellow Admiral is, even his

fans agree, not one of O'Brian's greatest hits. A page-turner not. There's hardly any action and it's padded out with historical set pieces. There's a bare-knuckle boxing match. There's a row about enclosing a common. A sailor-boy falls from the mast and dies. Aubrey's wife discovers he's been playing away but she gets over it after a while. He does a lot of patrolling off the Brittany coast, getting into a couple of little skirmishes. And that's it. That this is all just another soap, a Napoleonic *Neighbours*, has never been more obvious.

So what do O'Brian's famous fans get out of it? Actually, that's obvious too. These books are simply the most thorough-going expression of the nostalgic backwardness that afflicts contemporary English fiction, against which poor old George Walden has been railing so ineffectually. First World War a bit modern for you? Try boating against Boney. You'll love it.

There's none of that nastiness of modern life there, you know. No motorised proles filling the roads; no pretending that wogs are as good as us; no women with careers and children with rights — none of that bloody rubbish we have to put up with nowadays. It's a man's world, chez O'Brian, and the class structure is gloriously clear too, even on land. Once our heroes are at sea, there is, of course, an unbreakable order of rank and no end of courtly subservience. No wonder Max likes to let his imagination wander gratefully through this antique world — even without all the port and field sports O'Brian chucks in as a bonus.

In this dreamy world, Maturin's bit of stuff, Diana, comes recommended primarily by 1) her horsemanship and 2) her shagging. It is Diana who helps Aubrey's silly wife Sophie not to worry about him screwing other women, "trying to make her understand that men and most women see these things quite differently, that for a man to leap into a welcoming bed does not mean treason, felony or real, serious *unfaithfulness* at all". Moreover, she tells Sophie she's got to perform a bit better herself between the sheets herself and show some gratitude while she's about it: *"a man does like some appreciation of his efforts, you know"*. Quite right, too. That's telling them in a way that you don't often hear these days, ain't it just? And, of course, a manly man is what they all want, if they're honest with themselves. Just look at the books they read, mate.

O'Brian has done all his middle-aged readers a huge favour, as they well understand. Taking themselves tremendously seriously, they feel too embarrassed to let themselves read most fantasy fiction of the sword 'n' sorcery kind that regularly fills the bestseller lists. Even hobbits are a bit naff for the officer class. But O'Brian's solved the problem. He's filled in the historical background ostentatiously well and his narrative tone of voice is unmistakeably patrician too, making the whole thing a real class act.

A.S. Byatt's been a big help here, saying: "If Jane Austen's naval brothers had written novels, they might have been the novels of O'Brian".

O'Brian is now officially Austen-sur-mer. O'Brian may produce pulp fiction, pure escapism — but his nobby fans have been permitted to believe that, far from dreaming their lives away, they're reading a genuine work of literature. No wonder they're grateful.

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT JEANETTE WINTERSON'S SHOCKING SECRET?
TIMES MAG
APPARENTLY SHE USED TO BE A NOVELIST!
SHE'S BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER PANNING
PROBABLY LE CREUSET

Books & Bookmen

'Bookworm'

☐ WHY can the grasping Amis literary clan simply not stop renegotiating deals?

Wee Martin Amis, of course, has just defected back to his original publisher, Jonathan Cape, for £1 million. But when a Fleet Street gossip column wanted to publish a snap of the novelist's month old daughter, Fernanda, a deal was struck — by the imperious Lady Kilmarnock, the late Kingsley Amis' first wife.

For £100 her ladyship would provide the *Express* with a picture of Marty, his lover Isabel Fonseca and their cute babe. The newspaper, however, was then astonished to receive a small colour photo, with much of Marty's handsome head lopped off, accompanied by a handwritten note from Lady Kilmarnock: "I've just had some others developed which are better than this — but I've had an offer of £250 per photo." Further offers in a sealed envelope, please.

■ *GENTLEMAN publisher Richard Cohen traditionally contributes to a new year feature in the Sunday Telegraph where publishers preview the best books of the coming season. This year, however, his piece was spiked on the orders of Torygraph editor Dominic Lawson. A bemused Cohen found out that he is apparently on Lawson's blacklist.*

Cohen barely knows Lawson, but a few years ago he did ask a young Dominic if he would like to ghost-write Garry Kasparov's autobiography. Receiving no reply, Cohen gave the job to Donald "Pixie" Trelford, who earned a small fortune from the book.

It surely can't be true that Lawson is still bitter at missing out on a bumper pay-day. What, then, is the explanation?

☐ THE Curtis Brown literary agency was extra busy before Christmas chivvying its authors to finish their works. The haste was explained when one author learnt that the whole agency was decamping for an all-expenses paid Christmas party in France.

■ *HARPERCOLLINS' new year catalogue contained some interesting titles — not least The Devil's Own by Garry Douglas.*

This, the super-publisher declared, was about the Crimean War: "Sergeant John Crossman of the 88th regiment is singled out by his commanding officer to go on a series of suicide missions."

Wouldn't one have been enough?

REMAINDERS OF THE DAY

THE BOOK: Lord Archer of Weston-super-Mare's blockbuster, *The Fourth Estate*.

THE HYPE: "The greatest storyteller of our time" (the *Mail on Sunday*), with his latest epic expensively bought by HarperCollins.

LAST SEEN: Available for £1 if you spend forty quid at WH Smith.

footnotes

SCOTT FREE

LATE in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, in the certain knowledge that no newspaper would be published the following day, the director of public prosecutions (DPP) announced that no one criticised in the Scott report on "Iraqgate" would be prosecuted.

The effect of the DPP's announcement is that blatant perversion of the course of justice is entirely permissible — provided the perverters are senior officials in the foreign office.

Three top men at the FO rejoiced at the DPP's news.

Graham Boyce was, in 1985, assistant head of the FO's Middle Eastern department. He got a phone call from a customs official investigating the sale by arms dealers of machine guns to Jordan for illegal re-export to Iraq. The official said the accused arms dealers would be pleading not guilty and calling diplomats from Iraqi and Jordanian embassies to support their case.

Boyce passed the matter to Carsten Pigott, FO desk officer for Jordan, and Patrick Nixon, head of the FO's Near East and North Africa department. Prompted by Nixon, Pigott "advised" a senior official at the Jordanian embassy that it would be better not to give evidence for the defence. The potential witnesses complied at once. Deprived of their evidence, the arms dealers changed their plea to guilty.

Sir Richard Scott was outraged at what he called "an impeding of the course of justice" by Pigott and Nixon. He described their behaviour as "disgraceful" and "thoroughly reprehensible". He went on: "Expressions such as 'a bad show' or 'a curious procedure' fall, in my opinion, a long way short of adequately describing the degree of impropriety constituted by the steps taken in 1985 by FCO officials". Faced with this disgraceful, reprehensible impeding of the course of justice the authorities have now decided to do, er, nothing whatever.

GRAHAM BOYCE

PATRICK NIXON

PS: Graham Boyce is now HM ambassador in Kuwait; Patrick Nixon is now HM high commissioner in Zambia; and Carsten Pigott is now HM deputy high commissioner in Ethiopia.

SCOT FREE

■ PETER LILLEY, secretary of state and scourge of social security cheats, should have been in South Tyneside magistrates court on 17 December to see how his strict anti-fraud measures do not always have to be applied too fiercely.

In the dock was retired accountant Ralph Robson, who was accused of stealing £8,000 from the department of social security. Mr Robson became unemployed in 1992 and applied for income support. He filled in the necessary forms. To the question, "is your spouse in employment?" he replied, truthfully: "No". His wife Margaret had just retired from her job as a teacher.

A few weeks later, however, Mrs Robson started working as a supply teacher at the rate of about £150 a day. She worked fairly regularly for three years, but Mr Robson did not report this to the social security authorities and continued to draw income support. He drew more than £8,000 to pay his mortgage on his fashionable home in Cleadon.

In 1995 he had to fill in more forms. To the question whether his wife was *working* he again answered "no". Er, not quite right. A witness from the education authority told the court that on the very day Mr Robson had filled in the forms, Mrs Robson was teaching in a local school.

Mr Robson explained that he had been told by a young woman at the social security offices that he need not bother report any part-time work his wife might get. This didn't sound very likely advice for unemployed people in Jarrow, so the prosecution asked him to describe the young woman. He could only remember that she was blonde. The magistrates, specially imported from Gateshead, were merciful and compassionate people. They dismissed the case, and Mr Robson walked free. The case was decided entirely on its merits and the verdict had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that Mr Robson is a former leader of the Tory group on South Tyneside council.

RALPH ROBSON

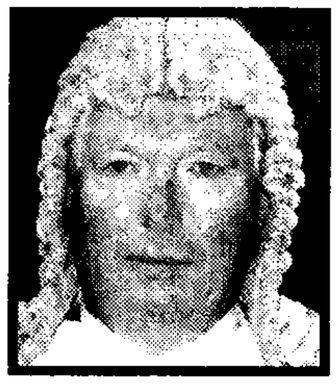
Outside the court Mr Robson said that since he was charged his life had been "hell". "I was frightened to go into South Shields in case anyone saw me," he moaned. "I stayed away from my masonic lodge and wouldn't go to my local church."

LAW AND ORDTECH:

Spot the Difference

■ ANOTHER important person hugely relieved at the DPP's decision is Mr Justice Collins.

In 1992, as plain Andrew Collins QC, he prosecuted five men for their part in the illegal export of artillery fuses to Iraq via Jordan. The defence asked for government documents which, it was argued, would prove government complicity in the sale.



JUSTICE COLLINS

Without even looking at the documents himself, Collins told the judge they were irrelevant. In fact they were highly relevant. Scott savaged Collins so mercilessly that even before the Scott report was out Collins was appointed a high court Judge. He won't now be prosecuted.

There are, however, three serious prosecutions still pending from the Ordtech case. In November 1995, when the five convicted men were eventually cleared by the court of appeal after the judges had read the documents which Collins had not disclosed, the *Independent* published copies of some of the documents.

Ian Hargreaves, then *Independent* editor, and two investigative journalists, Chris Blackhurst and David Hellier, are being prosecuted for criminal contempt of court for publishing the documents, the gist of which were read out in open court.

In the view of the attorney-general, Sir Nicholas Lie-all — who himself narrowly escaped sacking for his disreputable role in Iraqgate — the law on these matters can be summarised as follows.

It is not a criminal offence to fail to disclose government documents, even if that failure to disclose leads to wrongful convictions.

It is a criminal offence to publish those documents when they are at last released and read out in court.

IAN HARGRAVES

BROKE-ON-TRENT

■ HERE'S a coincidence. The last issue of the *Eye* hit the streets on Christmas Eve with the extraordinary story of the principal of Stoke-on-Trent College, Neil Preston, and his girlfriend and deputy, Helen Chandler. It summarised the awful mess into which they had dropped the college before going off sick to do up their pub in Wales.

That same Christmas Eve, Preston and Chandler were sacked. In the interests of fairness, the Eye hopes the celebrations will not exclude the role of the local worthies who unstintingly supported the duo throughout their heyday. Step forward, for instance, Lady Margaret Popplewell JP, wife of the distinguished judge of that name, who chaired the governors at Wycombe and Amersham college where Preston was principal and Chandler his deputy in the early 1990s.

Preston and Chandler were constantly being criticised. When they vanished in term time for a jamboree to the United States and when Cllr Donald Black, a governor, wrote a three-page article in the local press protesting about the way the college was run by cabal, Lady Popplewell defended Preston unconditionally and even wrote a letter saying what a fine principal he was.

F.A. FROM THE F.A.S.

THE Funding Agency for Schools (FAS) refuses to account for the vast sums of public money wasted on the shocking case of head teacher Marie Younie (*Eye* 884).

On 11 October 1994 Marie Younie, the accomplished and popular head teacher of Belfairs Community College, a grant-maintained school in Southend, was taken to hospital for an emergency operation. Six days later, the school governors suspended her. The operation to remove a large tumour was successful, and Ms Younie recovered completely.

In April 1995 she was fit to resume work. The governors refused to allow her to take up her job. She has now been suspended for more than two years, but has never been presented with a single example of misconduct or incompetence.

Twice the governors even announced that she was sacked. Each time her union, the National Association of Head Teachers, took the governors to the high court where the sackings were declared unlawful, and costs were awarded against the governors. Banned from her workplace, worn out and depressed by two years smear and attrition, Marie Younie has now reluctantly agreed to apply for early retirement. Parents and pupils of Belfairs have lost an excellent head teacher and have no idea why.

All this has cost a lot of money. Marie Younie's full salary has been paid for the two years and two

SIR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

MARIE YOUNIE

months she was not allowed to work — at a cost (at least) of £100,000. Add to that the fees of top-flight solicitors and barristers for two high court actions. All this money must be forked out by the taxpayer. Yet the quango which funds the grant-maintained schools with taxpayers' money, the Funding Agency for Schools, will not say how much the Younie affair has cost.

An FAS spokesman told the *Eye*: "Belfairs is a self-governing school and as such is responsible for its own personnel and legal responsibilities. The agency has no comment to make on how the school discharges these functions." This answer appears to mean that omnipotent school governors can, with impunity, run up whatever costs they like by suspending whomever they please for reasons they don't have to disclose, while racking up huge legal costs on cases they lose.

"I suggest that you speak to the school," suggested the quango. The *Eye* therefore put some questions to Charles Latham, a leading Tory councillor and solicitor in Southend who speaks for the Belfairs governors. Here they are, with the answers.

Q: How much was spent on Ms Younie's salary when she was not allowed to work?

A: "I could not comment."

Q: How much was spent on legal fees in cases brought by Ms Younie and her union?

A: "The costs are sub judice and I could not give you any further details."

Q: How much public money in total was spent on the Younie affair? Was it as much as £300,000?

A: "I would not be prepared to say exactly how much but your estimate is in fact vastly in excess of the actual costs."

PS: The chairman of the FAS, Sir Christopher Benson, (£36,000 a year for a two day week), was appointed because of his vast experience in pruning costs in private industry. He has for instance been chairman of the troubled building group Costain, whose annual general meeting he chaired shortly before Christmas. The meeting was picketed by angry shareholders who wanted to know why Costain's appalling losses had to be covered by the sale of valuable assets. One impertinent shareholder denounced Sir Christopher for "making a complete mess" of the company for an annual salary of £100,000 for a part-time job.

Too much to swallow

■ A YEAR after the *Eye* exposed the latent dangers of paracetamol tablets (*Eye* 883), other media started to notice and the government started to get worried.

On 22 November the department of health's Medicines Control Agency announced proposals to tighten up the supply of paracetamol to the public, and set a limit of 12 tablets per pack sold.

Smithkline Beecham, the huge multinational company that makes many millions of profit from paracetamol, issued a statement praising the "unparalleled safety record of paracetamol in normal use". The words "in normal use" are rather crucial. Thousands of people overdose on paracetamol every year, and last year 115 died from liver failure as a result.

As the original *Eye* article explained, there is a simple way to protect the liver from paracetamol — by including in the tablets an antidote called methionine. The Paracetamol industry ridiculed this remedy, suggesting without the slightest scientific proof that even small doses of methionine can be dangerous. This argument was weakened by the fact that Smithkline Beecham itself manufacture a paracetamol pill mixed with methionine — called Pameton — which they deliberately undersell.

In a brilliant initiative, Smithkline has now disposed of this argument — by withdrawing Pameton. It cites evidence from its own researchers which is supposed to show that methionine can be harmful to pregnant women. The Medicines Control Agency insists that Pameton was withdrawn voluntarily — entirely on the company's initiative. Naturally, however, the withdrawal casts doubt on the safety of all paracetamol tablets which are mixed with methionine, including Paradote, which has much less methionine than Pameton and entirely protects the liver from overdoses. A normal dose of Paradote has less methionine in it than the average omelette.

Thus a small-circulation painkiller from which no one can die even if it is taken in overdose has been withdrawn to help a big company continue its propaganda on behalf of its enormously profitable painkiller which is responsible for at least two deaths a week.

LOCKERBIE:

Another fit up

■ JUVAL AVIV is an inquiry agent who was hired by Pan Am to investigate the 1988 bombing of its airliner over Lockerbie.

In his report Aviv suggested that the bomb had got on to the plane in a bag which avoided inspection because it was thought by officials to be part of a CIA-inspired drugs run from Lebanon to the United States. Aviv was interviewed for the 1995 Channel Four film on Lockerbie which strongly contested the US authorities' view that the bombers were two Libyan airline officials.

Shortly before the film was shown, Aviv was arrested on charges of defrauding the General Electric Capital Corporation. The charges were used by the US government to discredit Aviv and the Channel Four programme. In a letter to editors all over Britain in the days before the film was broadcast in May 1995, Michael O'Brien, a senior official at the US embassy in London, wrote: "Aviv was recently arrested in the US for defrauding an American company."

On 7 May David "Lockerbie" Leppard wrote an article in the *Sunday Times* under the challenging heading: FBI EXPOSES DOCUMENTARY ON LOCKERBIE AS A SHAM. The article asserted that Juval Aviv had been "discredited" and that "two months ago he was arrested on federal fraud charges".

On 8 December Juval Aviv appeared before a federal judge and jury in New York accused of deceiving the General Electric company for whom he had carried out an investigation into security on a Caribbean island. It emerged at once that no complaint had ever been made by the company, which was quite satisfied with Aviv's work. He was charged only after special FBI agents had seized company documents.

Aviv's lawyers submitted that the entire case was trumped up to discredit Aviv over Lockerbie. The judge seemed to agree. "The chronology of the investigation," he said, "and the fact that it results from no external complaint whatever, but simply internally within the FBI, leads to an inference that it was generated from some other source, and the only source on the record so far for which any such purposes could be ascribed is Mr Aviv's report in the other case, the Lockerbie case."

The jury seemed to agree too. On 16 December they acquitted Juval Aviv on all charges.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

THE IMRO investigation into how Peter Young came to carve a £180 million black hole out of his two Morgan Grenfell unit trusts is expected to be completed this month, although decisions on who among Young's colleagues should be punished and how may take a while longer.

Fears that the process could be postponed by the ongoing investigation into "Polaroid" by the Serious Farce Office appear wide of the mark. Punishing Young is not an IMRO priority because he will never work in the City again. So IMRO can wait on the SFO to make its move while dealing with those who were supposedly supervising Young but did not.

To date the investigation is reckoned to have uncovered little evidence that "Polaroid" had any accomplices inside Morgan Grenfell other than those old City reliables — negligence, incompetence and greed. Young was seen as a star and difficult to control. The Morgan Grenfell response would seem to have been not to control him.

Questions were raised at a lower level about his bizarre multi-million investments in unknown companies, but these were never pursued by those in charge.

Like with Nick Leeson at Barings, those at Morgan Grenfell notionally managing Young and overseeing his £1 billion-plus portfolio were only too happy as long as the performance and the bonuses were there. So much so that even the most basic checks were not made on any of the unlisted investments which eventually accounted for a third of the portfolio.

A brief visit to Luxembourg would have discovered the truth about the interlocking letter box companies into which Young had poured millions of unitholders' money. No such check was ever made until it was too late. So Young's bosses remained wilfully blind to the fact that a dozen companies listed in the European Growth Trust were mere shells, secret conduits for Young to indulge his passion for breaking City rules by over-investing in Scandinavian and North American hi-tech gambles.

As again with Barings, it seems the City culture of star worship resulted in several smart operators getting the Morgan mine while Morgan clients got the shaft. With Morgan Grenfell's German parent Deutsche Bank some £400 million down in terms of rescue financing and compensation, plus a record IMRO fine of £1 million or more and even greater costs to come, it is no surprise that job prospects for those who failed to ask any questions of Young are bleak.

The Morgan management, it appears, had learned nothing from the Barings bombshell. Young, who was unable to sign a cheque, was still able to transfer millions into a series of highly speculative if not dubious investments. All these investments were supposedly checked and approved by his superiors as well as in-house compliance officials and the trustees for the funds. Yet no dog ever barked. They just rolled over.

Meanwhile it appears that investigators on behalf of Morgan Grenfell are beginning to probe Young's relationships with some of the American businessmen whose companies he endowed with Morgan millions. There seems particular interest in his involvement with Xavier Corporation and Solv-Ex.

It is less and less credible that Young, mad or bad or both, was able to pull off his deception without some external help. Certain individuals outside the bank had to know or suspect that Russ Oil & Technology was a Luxembourg pot of gold for Young. Just what Young's friends at ever so helpful stockbrokers Fiba Nordic Securities knew is now under investigation by the Securities & Futures Authority.

Of particular interest is who knew about Young's visits for executive stress relief to "Sandra" at her premises in Gloucester Place. These are so delicate that Young's lawyers obtained an injunction preventing "Sandra" revealing all (plus Polaroid snaps) to the *News of the World*. The sensitivity of this matter and who did what to whom, together with the discovery of items of lingerie in Young's garage, has even sparked rumours that in addition to being "Pingu the Penguin" at the bank, "Polaroid" was also the "Tracy" named in the injunction at Gloucester Place.

What the truth is about Young's many strange actions while on the way to costing his employers £400 million may well emerge if, as is suspected, his lawyers and doctors decide to play the "unfit to plead" card.

MICHAEL WALTERS, the *Daily Mail*'s hammer of the share spivs, has been strangely quiet about events at Rushmere Wynne Group, publishers of his books *How to make a killing in the share jungle* and *How to make a killing on the Alternative Investment Market*.

Floated on AIM at 3p a share just over a year ago by his old friend Robert Ellis, the shares were suspended in late November at 2p after reporting an unexpected £100,000 minimum loss instead of a £74,000 profit.

Largest shareholder Rosemary Burr, a former *Financial Times* hackette and daughter of Millwall and Vehicle & General's Reggie Burr, had already left, after a £189,000 loan was repaid from the flotation proceeds. (Reggie's nephew David Marks had also been a large shareholder — at 1p.) Strangely she and ex-chairman Tony Drury had managed to sell £130,000 worth of shares earlier despite a supposed ban on any sales before the 1996 results were announced. Sales were only allowed by "certain limited exceptions" and then only with prior written approval from Ellis & Partners. This must have been given so shareholders locked in have no complaints!

Sadly Rushmere Wynne appears unlikely to feature in any future editions of the Walters' Bibles for small investors — unless as warnings to the unwary about dangers lurking in the AIM jungle.

THE supreme leader of the Referendum party, Sir James Goldsmith, no doubt shared in the joy that greeted the overturning of the second fraud conviction of his one time business associate Charles Keating.

Following the collapse of Keating's Lincoln Savings & Loan, which cost the US government up to £2 billion, the American rightwing moral crusader was jailed for 10 years first by Californian and then the federal courts. But the 1991 state conviction was overturned (because of errors by the trial judge Lance Ito, who helped acquit O.J. Simpson) and last month the 1993 federal conviction was overturned because three jurors knew about the first conviction.

THAT pillar of probity Mohamed Fayed has found a new alibi for how he came to deceive City regulators "on a grand scale" over his somewhat less than Pharaohic antecedents.

According to his loyal mouthpiece Michael Cole in the *New York Times* (1 Dec) these embellishments were only done "at the insistence of an advisor who told him he would otherwise be disqualified as a purchaser of something as precious to the Establishment as Harrods".

Who could this be? Surely not Richard Fleck of white shoe lawyers Herbert Smith, who was waltzed round the phoney pharaoh's fictional family homes in Alexandria and fell for the lie; or merchant banker John MacArthur, late of Kleinwort Benson, who still acts for Fayed, most recently on buying a stake in the Alpha Airports duty free shops group? Perhaps the truth will emerge if Fayed pursues his libel action against *Vanity Fair* magazine into court this autumn.

THE Gnome Institute for Greed Management has decided to inaugurate a new set of prestigious awards to mark otherwise unrecognised achievement in the City.

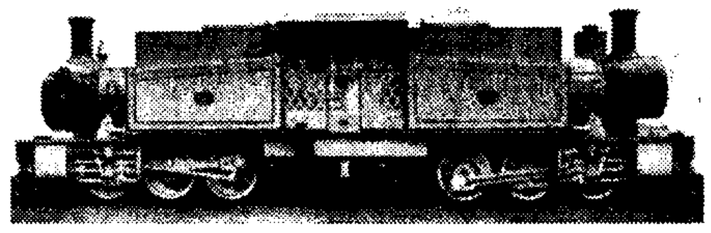
The initial award for Crook of the Year goes to Stephen Hinchliffe, for persuading Sears and many other retailers who should have known better that he could run a high street business despite little experience and a string of previous business failures before Facia.

The Nick Leeson Award for Newcomer of the Year went to Peter Young of Morgan Grenfell for bedazzling so many with so little for so much.

The Ernest Saunders Award for Comeback of the Year was shared by ostrich and whisky investment scams, both of which fleeced the greedy and gullible a second crime around.

And the O.J. Simpson Award for Escape of the year went to Kevin Maxwell, who rivalled Houdini by twice defying the odds and (Maxwell pensioners and others might say) justice thanks to a flawed prosecution and fainthearted judges.

'Slicker'



SIGNAL FAILURES

PASSENGERS who are the victims of rail privatisation can take some comfort from knowing that Britain is at least showing other countries how *not* to reorganise their railways.

One reason for privatising BR was to allow entrepreneurs to spot gaps in the market and lay on new train services under "open-access" rights. But the complexity and bureaucracy of a reorganised railway have proved impenetrable to the few businesses which have seriously contemplated open-access services.

The principle of open access to rail networks is supported by the European Union, which wants member states to allow newcomers to use their national tracks on fair terms. This involves creating a separate organisation to take responsibility for infrastructure. Most countries are achieving this simply, effectively and cheaply by splitting their rail companies into two parts — rather than 80 bits as in Britain.

In France ministers have been stressing that a new infrastructure division of the state railway, due to take effect this month, would not resemble Railtrack in any way and would remain in state hands.

THE charade of moving train drivers around the Highlands of Scotland should, in itself, be enough to convince other countries not to split their rail system into 80 bits.

On a unified railway drivers are generally shared between freight and passenger duties. On a fragmented railway, drivers are employed by one small part of the whole system with no helping out allowed, apparently. An additional bonus of the unified model is that drivers who need to be moved around before or after driving trains can travel on regular passenger trains for free, thus keeping down the costs of running the railway.

Two companies run most trains in Scotland, the passenger operator Scotrail and freight operator English, Welsh & Scottish Railways. The latter has drivers based at Fort William, but not Inverness; while Scotrail has drivers at Inverness but not at Fort William.

Six days a week drivers for Scotrail's sleeper services from Fort William are taken by taxi from Glasgow to Fort William, a distance of about 120 miles. When the sleeper train from London arrives at Fort William, the driver is taken by taxi to Glasgow. Meanwhile, EW&SR drivers at Fort William are taken by road the 90 miles to Inverness whenever freight trains are needed in the far north.

A little commonsense returns where the daily freight train between Inverness and Elgin is concerned: the drivers are based at Aberdeen but at least they travel the 108 miles to Inverness by train. So complete is the lack of cooperation between the two companies, however, that the drivers are charged full fare by Scotrail.

'Dr B. Ching'

Royal Opera House
Box Office 0171-304 4000

The Royal Opera

28 January | 6 10 15 19 February at 6pm
1 February at 1pm

NEW PRODUCTION

PALESTRINA

Hans Pfitzner

'I can't wait for *Palestrina*, the greatest opera that has never yet been professionally staged in England' *The Spectator*

WhichUNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

LIPSI The wilder shores of Greece. Unspoilt. Remote, lovely quiet uncrowded beaches.
TILOS Undiscovered. Remote, tranquil, serene. The island where time stands still.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Very friendly and typically Greek.
LEROS Gentle rolling hills. Secluded bays, picturesque harbours, sparkling seas.
HALKI Discover the magical charm of a totally unspoilt island, with a beautiful harbourside.
SYMI Undiscovered and unspoilt. Unbelievably beautiful - for the romantic.
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Secluded beaches. Excellent tavernas.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, azure seas. Watersports, cosmopolitan & lively.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery, good beaches. Friendly tavernas, varied night life.

IT'S ALL IN OUR AMAZINGLY HONEST BROCHURE 01629 824 881

LASKARINA Holidays Ltd. 24hr. Brochure Line

AITO ABTA 1424
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece.

THE FUNNIEST WAY TO WIND UP A FRIEND!

Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction!!!

MR FURY 0336 426 381

MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT 0336 426 382

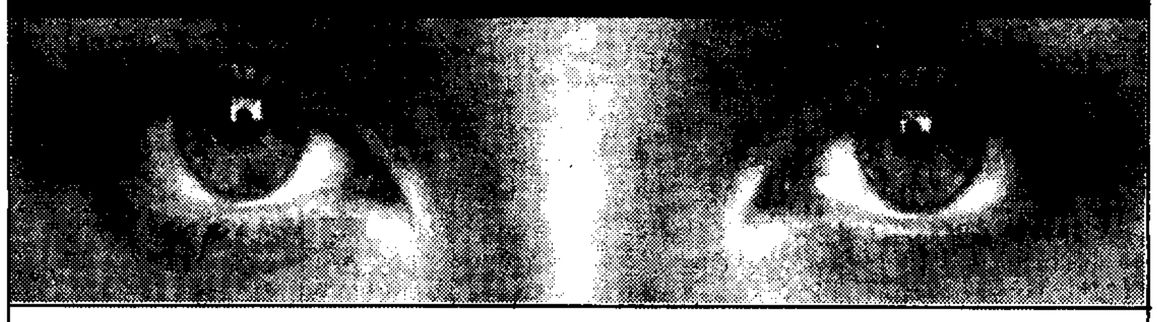
YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR 0336 426 383

IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER 0336 426 384

LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSÉ 0336 426 385

Jokelines, PO Box 43 Warminster Wilts BA12 7RJ
Calls cost 39p/min cheap 49p/min other times

SHORT-SIGHTED?



ENJOY THE FUTURE WITHOUT GLASSES

Our specialist doctors can eliminate the need for glasses or contact lenses using the most advanced laser technology to correct short-sight and astigmatism.

Treatment is simple, takes only seconds and is given according to your prescription. There are no overnight stays, no injections and no incisions!

By specialising, Optimax has established itself as the UK's leading provider of this laser treatment, having performed over 27,000 treatments nationwide in our clinics.

£395 per eye

MONTHLY PAYMENT terms available on request 25% APR

OPTIMAX LASER EYE CLINICS

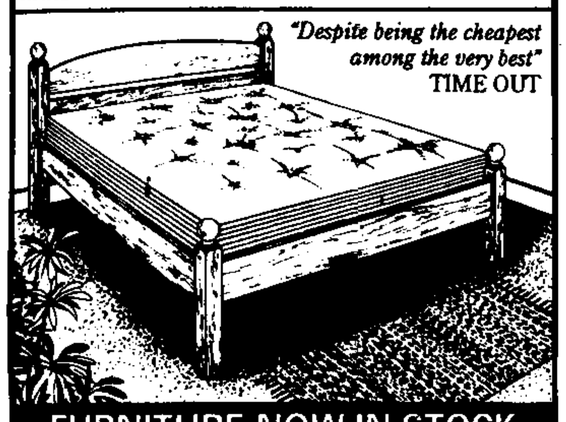
Phone now for a free information pack

0990-14 33 14 Ref: PEYE03

LONDON BRISTOL MANCHESTER BIRMINGHAM NEWCASTLE

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



"Despite being the cheapest among the very best" TIME OUT

FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK

242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 0171 624 3024

BIBLIOPHILE
HALF PRICE BOOKS

FREE catalogue ten times a year containing over 1600 titles.
ONLY £2 PER ORDER P&P(UK)
Literature, War and Militaria, History Words, Reference, Religion, Erotica, History, Biography, Fiction, Children's, Humour and a vast range of other subjects all at bargain prices.
An armchair bookshop with no fees or obligation.

PHONE FOR FREE CATALOGUE:
0171 515 9555 ANSWERPHONE 24 HRS
OR 0171 515 9222 OFFICE HOURS
FAX: 0171 538 4115
POST: BIBLIOPHILE BOOKS
5 THOMAS ROAD
LONDON E14 7BN

specialEYEs

services

The Virtual Office

Give our Girls a call!

We are Europe's most advanced call handling and total business support company

- Your own telephone account manager
- Calls answered in your company name and redirected
- Prestigious Piccadilly address
- Full range of business support services
- Conference rooms and secretarial support

211 Piccadilly London W1 0171 917 2917

Complete Office Computer System

Design and Implementation

Services Include :

-Systems Built and supplied to suit your needs
-Network Design
-Structured Cabling
-Consultancy
-Service
-Windows NT & Windows 95 issues a specialty.

For a free initial Consultation Phone

(0171) 727 7082

LONDON CONVEYANCING AT PROVINCIAL RATES

eg £300 plus VAT and disbursements for a purchase price of less than £150,000. Please telephone Peter Brooks for further details.

Bevans solicitors

155 Whiteladies Road
Clifton
Bristol
BS8 2RF
Tel: 0117 923 7249
Fax: 0117 923 7253

Publish!

And be spammed?

Prose, poetry, play, picture on the

World Wide Web

from £29 inc VAT. For answers call

KIM Computing

01442 879 209

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES

CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL

Fully Customised and confidential

MAKE EM LAUGH OR NO FEE!

Emergency Speeches Undertaken

Britain's leading Professional

MITCH MURRAY

01624 628660

Access - Visa - Mastercard

CALL IRENE ON 0171 437 2717 TO BOOK YOUR VALENTINE ADS

health

ULTIMATE BLEND

A cleansing, detoxifying drink mix

This Product May Purify Your Urine

For more information or to order, call or fax Dot UK on **01525 370 702**

courses

Wine Courses

10 Evenings, late Jan. - Easter 1997

"...friendly classes with the best educational material ... very good value for money." 'The Observer'~1996

Learn to understand and fully appreciate wine with a professional Tasting Tutor. Introductory Courses in:

Holborn • Twickenham (advanced course also at these venues)
Notting Hill • Hampstead • Oxford • Southampton
Godalming • Preston

Cost: £150 Introductory Course; £280 Advanced Course
For our prospectus please call Phil Cooper at
The Wine Education Service - 0181 886 0304.

meeting people

SIRIUS

The Intelligent Person's Introduction Agency

Call free (24 hrs) on 0800 072 0075 for

- Brochure
- Descriptions of the first 24 people in your area you may wish to meet
- CD or Tape with further details

FREEPOST 305 London EC1B 1SY

The Largest and Longest Established agency with personal interviews

Wherever you live your local representative is likely to be within 25 miles

8.30am to 10pm 7 days/wk

zygosis the bringing together...

THE PROFESSIONAL PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY

Professional people often don't meet their ideal partner in their current social circle.
That's where Zygosis can help.
We are highly selective, operate nationally, are confidential, discreet and produce results.
We look forward to your call

LONDON	OUT OF LONDON	SCOTLAND
0171 629 6979	01625 582800	0131 556 5655

drawing down *the* moon

THE THINKING PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY

"the agency people rave about"

COSMOPOLITAN

Adam & Eve Mews, Kensington

0171-937 6263

24 hours

ABIA code supported by Office of Fair Trading. Est.1984

auction

BONHAMS

RUGS & CARPETS

Bonhams will hold their next auction of Oriental & European Rugs & Carpets at our Knightsbridge Galleries on Tuesday 28th January at 2.00pm.
Prices from £200 – £10,000.
For further details and viewing times please call Andrew Middleton on 0171 393 3987.

personal

the Phone Café

24 HRS

WHERE ALL THE WOMEN ARE GENUINE CALLERS

DON'T GET MONKEYED AROUND

0891 30 31 71

Calls Cost 49p/min cheap rate 49p/min all other times
TPC. Box No 28 93 Cowcross St London EC1M 6BH

clubs

Breathing Space.
(Don't take it for granted)

We don't. Help us keep Britain's breathing spaces open. Footpaths and coastline, high places, heaths and woodland. For walkers.

For over 60 years, THE RAMBLERS' lobbying and vigilance have been achieving wide-ranging rights of access to some of our most beautiful countryside.

Take a walk. Take a breather; consider the future. Invest in THE RAMBLERS.

The Ramblers

Working for walkers

1-5 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 2XX. Regd.Charity No.306089 PE 10

Join us.

Your subscription brings our essential outdoor information Yearbook, the quarterly colour magazine, and membership of one of our 400 local groups.

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Address

Postcode Date of birth

Tick box for membership type required

☐ Ordinary £17 ☐ Reduced* £8.50
☐ Family/joint £21 ☐ Joint reduced* £10.50
(for two adults at same address)
*Under 18/students/retired/disabled/unwaged

Donation £ I enclose £

☐ We occasionally exchange names (for use once only) with other organisations which may interest you. Tick if you prefer to be excluded.

ONLY TWO ISSUES TO GO...
BOOK YOUR VALENTINE ADS NOW!

gifts

ORIGINAL IRISH GRANDFATHER SHIRT

For generations the GLENESKE shirt has been a traditional part of everyday life in rural Ireland. 100% brushed cotton, with fast colours, the GLENESKE offers warmth, comfort and durability, fashionable and practical, for men and women.

Cream background with black, blue, red, green or fawn stripes. Also plain white.

S/M/L/XL £19.99 XXL/XXXL £21.99

NIGHTSHIRTS (blue or red stripe only) add £5.00

GLENESKE a living tradition

The Grandfather Shirt Co
Dept P1, 33 Main Street, Portrush, BT56 8BL.
Tel: 01265 822799 Answer phone/Fax: 823697

P&P £1.50 per item £2.50 max.

WHAT A LOAD OF BALLS

Pinballs That Is

FOR THE MAN WHO'S GOT EVERYTHING
SOMETHING TO KEEP HIS
ATTENTION ALL NIGHT
MORE EXCITING THAN SOCKS,
Y'FRONTS OR SLIPPERS

Professionally refurbished pintables
Models available include:
STAR WARS, BLACK ROSE, BRIDE OF PINBOT ETC.,
Prices from £600.00 plus VAT
Phone: JOHN or TINA • JOHN ICKE AUTOMATICS
01843 603399

THE ULTIMATE STOCKING FILLER IS HERE

STRIPTEASE!

The bare facts in full irreverent detail in the brand new edition of the best selling handbook for aficionados of erotic dance

THE GOOD STRIPTEASE GUIDE TO LONDON '97

Over 60 venues listed, full details of price, times, frequency of performances and some hilarious reviews.

"A vastly entertaining read - more useful than the A-Z" Loaded Magazine
"The politically incorrect guide to enjoying the capital" The Bookseller

Cheques & PO's for £5.99 (inc p&p) to:
TREDEGAR PRESS, Dept PE, PO Box 4830, London SW11 4XQ
Tel: 0171 223 6364
http://www.malahill.com/striptease

travel

KE ADVENTURE -Travel-

•Trekking
•Climbing
•Rafting
•Mountain Biking

•NEPAL •PAKISTAN •INDIA •TIBET
•BHUTAN •CHINA •AFRICA •PERU
•BOLIVIA •CHILE •ECUADOR
•RUSSIA •ALASKA

15 years experience in organising exploratory holidays World-wide
ATOL 2808 AITO

Tel: 017687 73966
keadventure@enterprise.net

television

CHANNEL 4 MOVING PEOPLE

This popular documentary series will be back next year.
If you're moving house before April — whether it's across the road or across the world — we'd love to hear from you.
Please call us on
0171 580 8636

Classic BreakAway

ONE PRICE! £99 +VAT (£116.33pp)

LONDON 4**** (incl b/fasts)
Indoor pool, squash, gym etc

Incl ferry/le Shuttle (with car) AND minimum two nights en-suite hotel:
PARIS centre, Indoor pool, gym, sauna, etc. Stay 3rd nt FREE
BRUSSELS, nr St Catherine
AMSTERDAM 4****, nr station
BRUGES 4**** Stay 3rd nt FREE
nr LILLE 4****
B/fast extra £4 - £8pppd
All offers based on twin/double share
MANY MORE OFFERS! Tel: 01492 532 532

MOST DATES incl Valentines!
Prefer not to drive?
EUROSTAR!
from only £29pp extra!

If you have a free 'Times' ticket & are booking Paris offer, we can include one Eurostar ticket FREE of CHARGE

Paris 1 free or £29pp
Brussels 1 free or £29pp
Amsterdam £99 for two!
Bruges £99 for two!
Lille 1 free or £29pp

We can also offer Citysprint coach from London Victoria direct to your Paris hotel by Hovercraft. FOUR nights - no supp't!

Details - no obligation
01492 532 532

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS
Classified Linage Advertisements
£1.75 per word inclusive
0171 439 1151

Deadline for next issue — **14th JANUARY**

QUOTE

"Thailand is to bar homosexuals from enrolling in teacher training colleges amid concern that teachers' behaviour can adversely influence children and that homosexuals have short tempers."

RICHARD SAVILL, Bangkok

EYE NOVELTIES

YOUR CRICKET GIFT problems solved — unusual cricket gifts and trophies. Ring for Cricketer Gift Catalogue 01892 740697.

ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING printed onto a T-shirt! A.P.P.S. 26 Thurnham Street, Lancaster LA1 1XU, 01524 841286 (daytimes). Bulk/trade enquiries welcome.

"THE MOST ROMANTIC gift of the decade" — immortalise yourself or your love, among the stars. Launch a photograph and message into space. A MILLENNIUM ORBITER GIFT VOUCHER enables holder to submit photograph (original photo is returned), and message for scanning, to be launched into orbit this year aboard Proton rocket. Capsule will travel through space for THOUSANDS OF YEARS. As featured in THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, BBC. £24-£55. MISSION HOTLINE, 07000 774469. Internet: www.forever-corp.com. CCs accepted. Money no object? Send a video message to the future, £500 per minute. "Romantic or what?" GLR.

FULL COLOUR caricatures — FREE information pack. 0145 787 7113.

ANAGRAM GENIUS — amazing computer software (Windows, MacOS) turns "Michael Portillo" into "A cool, limp Hitler"", "Virginia Bottomley", "I'm an evil Tory bigot" and "The meaning of life", "The fine game of nil"! Buy one and process your or your friends' names! www.genius2000.com or Tel: 0151 356 8000.

BALLOON FLIGHTS — Berks/Hants/Herts/Oxon/Surrey & over London! £115 — ADVENTURE BALLOONS 0181 840 0108.

FIREWORKS. D.I.Y. Display packs from £250 or professional firing service available. Phone free info pack. Access and Visa. MOSTLY HARMLESS LTD. 0117 955 0284.

CARICATURES from photos: 01327 359213.

LIVE CARICATURISTS! 0181 520 7262.

MIKE HATCHARD (aka MARVIN HANGLIDER) — caricaturist, musician, comedian. 01797 253149.

PROFESSIONAL PORTRAIT caricatures — telephone CATHERINE 01389 878175.

A TITLE FOR A TENNER? Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Durn Cottage, Scotscalder, Scotland KW12 6XJ.

FLYING, GLIDING, helicopters, vintage aircraft, ballooning, simulators, skydiving. Introductory gift vouchers from £55 valid 100+ locations nationwide. FREE brochure: ACORNE SPORTS 01494 451703.

UNIQUE, HUMOROUS novelties. Brochure — 01840 770676.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

CLAYSHOOTING — introductory gift vouchers £35. Corporate entertainment. PERSONAL TUITION. Open shoots skeet, trap, sporting. ABACUS CLAYSPORTS, Gatwick. Jerry Parks-Young Senior CPSA coach. 01342 844033. E-mail 106012.1625@compuserve.com

NAME A STAR for the one you love. INTERNATIONAL STAR REGISTRY allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £55 inclusive. Call FREEPHONE 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

CARICATURES FROM photos — 01633 877768.

GOT A VALENTINE GIFT TO SELL?

Advertise in our special "Eye Valentine Novelties" classification next issue.

TEACHERS—DOCTORS & Nurses — firemen — flying ducks — cops & robbers: SAE for wall-plaque catalogue: SAE for wall-plaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (Access/Visa) 01273 606240.

EYE SAY

XENOPHOBIC PERSECUTION Website http://pair.com/spook/

MISS LUCEY, UK — Excuses for not visiting you the last time I was in the UK are on page 94. Love and French Kisses. Grrrrrrrr, MICK. Saudi.

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See Page 30.

EYE READ

CHEATING AT CARDS
The Plastic Fraud book
£22
01273 676818.

THE MADHOUSE OF LOVE — the story of a teenager growing up in a psychiatric hospital — £2.75 from TETRAHEDRON BOOKS, 30 Birch Crescent, Blairgowrie, Perthshire PH10 6TS.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS
found —
01376 562334.

EYE SELL

TOTALLY SMASHED — we got totally smashed over the Christmas period and as a result we are doing some stupid prices for our January sale. ROLAND MS1 was £449 now £239, Sprit Absolute Zero Monitors was £199 now £179, Casio GZ50M Sound Module was £199 now £99, Alesis SR16 Drum Machine was £299 now £189. Please call X MUSIC for one of our free catalogues on 0171 349 9444, 01179 734734 or 01273 624240.

VARIOUS EAST EUROPEAN artists' limited edition original etchings and lithographs for sale at pre-1989 collapse prices. Tel: 01943 872348.

TURF OR LOG FIRE this winter? 10 sacks £60. Delivered. 01232 838111 anytime.

HYDROPONIC FACT SHEETS — £4.50 inc p&p. Ring: 01424 428186.

EVERGREEN HYDROPONICS — (UK). NEW Quantum-ponics! distributor Europe: ECO nutrients (dry/liquid) + accessories for your every need! (Brighton) 01273 623136.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD of love GET STUFFED at Richer Sounds. Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hours) for your FREE 24 page catalogue/branch list.

http://www.swiftcallcouriers.co.uk

LOGS DELIVERED — London, 10 x 40lb sacks £58. OAK/ASH £65. 0181 691 4984.

SPLIT LOGS DELIVERED — London and South East. 0378 379205.

RADIO CONTROLLED WATCHES & clocks — phenomenally accurate Junghans, Kundo and Zeon Tech timepieces by Mail Order. Free catalogue. CORNEAL CLOCKS & WATCHES, FREEPOST LS6541B, Leeds, LS8 5YY. Tel: 0113 293 7437 (24hrs 7 days).

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 01622 871353.

EYE HELP

MAILING ADDRESS — Mayfair. £150 per annum. 0171 439 3806.

CREDIT PROBLEMS preventing loans, mortgages, credit cards, etc? Credit repair service covers all adverse credit items, only £45. CHILTERN ASSOCIATES, South 01273 604444, North 0161 9296006.

SOLICITORS specialising in accident cases will produce good results on a no-win-no-fee basis. Please telephone: 0171 831 5222.

SCOTTISH ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS,
telephone answering —
0131 220 3377.

£2 PW IS ALL it costs for our discreet, confidential accommodation address. Also phone/fax services. 0181 343 2316.

PROFESSIONAL let you down? We deal with Professional Negligence — including solicitors. Call ROBERT FESTENSTEIN — Solicitor on 0161 799 1731.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION — 01482 658701.

DEBT PROBLEMS? Chartered Accountant acts on success only basis. 0171 224 1231.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

AFFORDABLE PLANNING appeals Nationwide — 01935 872268.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS/Secretarial, confidential — exceptional — inexpensive. POSTHASTE, Croydon 0181 688 8144.

THE PASSPORT REPORT
Send £15 to:
LEWIS YENDELL PUBLISHING,
Freepost LON7372,
London EC2B 2AZ.

ISO 9002 — Totally baffled? Bill Anderson has some answers 01380 721001.

CREDIT CARD FRAUD — credit repair, privacy, disappearance, drug info, surveillance — FREE Infopack: 0181 423 4849.

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See page 30.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS Discreet/confidential mail/message-holding service. REGENT STREET 0171 580 4242.

TAX TIPS FOR wage slaves — 100 tax loopholes for employees that Fatty Clarke hasn't found yet. Written by Chartered Accountant specialising in tax. Fully detailed and highly practical report can save you thousands of pounds a year. For a FREE MINI-REPORT of five tax tips you can use now to reduce your tax by £100 or more, plus information about the full report, write to BCM-FISCAL, London WC1N 3XX.

EYE TECH

http://www.twelvetrees.co.uk/eye-eye

NOVELL NETWARE specialist — 0468 782136.

FAX BROADCAST with me and you can fax my sister all day and night free. Faxman 07000 329 626.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 0171-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

UNIX SPECIALIST — 0181 979 9774.

BEST PENTIUM PRICES around? Probably! 01332 731258.

FREE INTERNET — Free email address, free Web page, free Netscape, free online time, free software. All in the UK CompuServe Book, complete with all the help you need. £11.95 inc p&p. Cheques & POs to TEKBOOKS, PO Box 2530, Eastbourne BN23 5SA.

EYE DETECT

SURVEILLANCE PRODUCTS — room bugs, telephone taps, detectors, cameras, from £20. 01483 570417/0374 949630.

LINK INVESTIGATIONS — the private and commercial information agency. Professional, confidential, 0973 842330.

CLEVER DICK Investigations. Ex-directory numbers obtained. 0181 207 5040.

EYE FINANCE

TOP GEAR, LOW FINANCE — Prestigious second user company cars for small and new businesses. From Cavaliers to Porsche to Lexus. Maintenance inclusive and NO PGs. Call us at DUNCTON LEASING on 01798 343850.

CCJs & DEFAULTS legally removed permanently even if not satisfied. Plus Full Credit Secrets Handbook. ACS 0181 688 9550.

EYE LEARN

LEARN TO DRIVE Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS (01492) 531517.

CRASH DRIVING COURSES — 01983 856137.

INTENSIVE RESIDENTIAL
motoring courses
— various UK locations.
Telephone 01594 543863.

EYE EARN

WANT YOUR LIFE BACK? Call: 01426 955512.

DRIVING IS FUN at SWIFTCALL COURIERS! If you're over 25 with a clean licence and a good knowledge of Central London, you'll earn TOP MONEY as well. What's more, we supply the van. Call JUDY now on 0171 729 4600.

AMAZING BREAKTHROUGH — see EYE BET.

MAKE A DISCREET FORTUNE as a Club X agent. Starting cost £185 to £6000. Ring 01234 264248. "Sex is the ultimate product".

RETIRE IN 3 YEARS —
unlimited cash income.
Amazing recorded
message:
01625 862673.

NEW YEAR ~ NEW OFFER!

A special deal from Old Father Gnome:

3 ADS FOR THE PRICE OF 2!

(all categories except Eye Love and Eye Need).

Must be booked and paid for between now and 28 February 1997

EYE WANT

CRONENBERG LATEST — serious money paid for perfect quality video. Box 0115.

AIR-MILES — 01273 689578.

EYE CARE

TELEPHONE COUNSELLING — practical, affordable, powerful — FREE consultation within 1 hour of your call — Call THE ALEXANDER GROUP's psychologists on 01545-560402 (8am-11pm, 7 days).

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION — free information pack. Call: 0171 402 3451.

CONSULTANT Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 0171 935 0023.

EYE HOMEHUNT

WORKSPACE of 1 to 3 rms needed by poet-artist-editor-publisher in Lond2on W 2/8/9/10/11/12/14. £100 per wk or less. Tel: 0171 229 7850.

EYE HEAR

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1700 hits 1950-1996. Also sales. 0181 318 2852.

EYE MOVES

JAMES REMOVALS — household & office, boxes & storage. 0171 431 1713.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 0181 299 1398.

SPEEDYMOVES — 0181 569 9452, SPEEDYMOVES MOBILE — 0973 933805.

EYE FLY

CONSULT THE ORACLE! Affordable travel expertly predicted! Fully bonded. Tel/Fax: 01904 608941.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599/680268. Fax: 01942 670868. Agents ATOL Holders.

LOW-COST WORLDWIDE flight specialists. Please call 0171 287 1222 IATA/ATOL.

FLIGHT OPTIONS — telephone booking service. Tel: 01432 851062, Fax: 01432 850722, HENRY ROGERS. ATOL 3793.

EYE ESCAPE

NEAR HEREFORD — Holiday Cottage Twin & Double Bedrooms. Sky TV, ETB COMMENDED. For details Tel/Fax Liz & Henry Rogers on 01432 850722.

WALK THIS WAY — stroll Salopia, meander the Marches. 01938 561342.

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 4 to 19 weeks camping adventures. For the best value gamewatching & sightseeing, telephone PHOENIX EXPEDITIONS 01509-881818.

OVERLAND CAMPING safaris through Africa, Egypt, Turkey. 4-27 weeks. AFRICAN TRAILS, tel: 0181 742 7724.

TURKEY — Cruise the Coast. Fun loving crewed 52ft sailing yacht with many watersports. Novice or experienced. All ages welcome. 01621 829681, 9am to 9pm.

ABSOLUTE AFRICA — camping safaris in Africa, 4-29 weeks, 0181 742 0226.

WINTER IN SOMERSET —
listed holiday cottage
in Glastonbury town centre.
Central heating, diverse library,
open fires, colour TV.
Sleeps 3.
01234 211606.

CHEZ NOUS '97 — Save money — book direct with 1700 private owners of all types of holiday property in France. City Breaks. Ferry Deals. Brochure 01484 682503.

SEACANOE — **AWARD** winning "back to nature" adventure tours in THAILAND, VIETNAM and the PHILIPPINES. eyeinfo@seacanoe.com http://www. seacanoe.com Tel/Fax 0066 76 212 252/212 172

SPECIAL PLACES CUBA and COSTA RICA — combine magnificent but crumbling Havana (Old Havana is recognised by UNESCO as a world heritage site) with some of the Caribbean's best beaches (as yet unspoilt by mass tourism), and/or breathtakingly scenic countryside. Brochure holidays or tailor-made. Visit Costa Rica, the land of wonders, created for adventure and nature lovers, on a tailor-made holiday. Why not combine Cuba and Costa Rica? Also, places still available on CUBAN CIGAR TOURS departing on 6 February and 6 March. 01892-661157. ABTA V5412, ATOL 884.

TRUCK AFRICA — intrepid camping expeditions. 3-27 weeks from £400. 0171 731 6142 for brochure.

MOUSEHOLE, CORNWALL — idyllic fishing village, waterside inn, great food — AA Rosette Restaurant — comfortable en-suite rooms with superb sea views. £55 three nights B&B. Tel: OLD COASTGUARD — 01736 731222.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. Our superb brochure will open your eyes to the adventure of a lifetime. Egypt, Madagascar, Albania, Japan, Iran, Vietman, Yemem... Plus 170 tours, treks and expeditions in Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, Americas. Small groups. 1-6 weeks. Tel: 01252 344161 (24hrs). Fully bonded AITO/ATOL 2595.

EXPLORE ECUADOR LTD — Don't just visit Ecuador, experience it! POB 11406, London SW2 5ZG.

BEAUTIFUL, INDEPENDENT and ADVENTUROUS. Original FLY-DRIVE trips to Namibia & South Africa, plus Botswana, Zimbabwe & Zambia. Call SUNVIL 0181 568 4499. ATOL/AITO.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA: Low-cost flights, tailor-made and escorted group tours. ATOL, AITO, ABTA fully bonded. Telephone — TOURS: 0181 747 8315. FLIGHTS: 0181 747 3108.

DELIGHTFUL, SPACIOUS
Edwardian Cornish cliff-top
holiday home on beautiful
Roseland peninsular.
CALL: 01424 838404.

WORKING ABROAD — Are you looking for a different and better life? Now the book is here which gives you detailed information about work permits, wages, working and loading conditions, visas, travel expenses etc abroad. You will also find addresses to companies in EUROPE, USA, CANADA, WEST INDIES, AUSTRALIA and the FAR EAST, looking for employees within most professions. Interested? If yes, ask for our FREE BROCHURE which will give you further information about the book, by sending us an envelope with your name and address on it. For a more rapid delivery send us an international coupon that can be bought at all post offices. You can also buy the book directly from us by paying £17 through an international money order to: AMILON & CO, Gasverlesgatan 19A, 26231 Angelholm, Sweden. NOTE: We're not an employment agency!

SEEKING THE ULTIMATE adventure? African overland expeditions, hotel & camping safaris, mountain treks or South American adventure holidays from 1-24 weeks. ABTA bonded. For our new brochure and information on video evenings, call: KUMUKA EXPEDITIONS on 01233 211666.

VISIT VIETNAM — Brochure 0171 727 5299.

EYE NEED

BENEFACTOR NEEDED — woman experiencing financial inclemency. Bright prospects with your help. Please. AbbeyNat 09-01-26, 18880710. Thank you.

MEDICAL ASTROLOGY — nurse needs training fees, computer, work. Please help. Box 0615.

ANY CASH THAT WILL help me self-fund legal training gratefully received. Box 0815.

YOUNG MENSWEAR
fashion company with
worldwide customer base
requires financial assistance
to maximise potential.
Excellent return on dividend.
Interested parties
please fax details to
0171 394 3243.

W.A.S.P. CONVERTING to Islam — need donations to enable me to stay a while longer in Singapore to complete my religious studies, MIDLAND 40-46-26 61171771.

CREATIVE PERSON NEEDS £50,000 to set up studio. Thank you. Account Abbey National 09012606502149/01.

NEED OUT HACKNEY — Lloyds 30-98-03, 0155321.

ARCHITECTURE STUDENT needs donation of a PC or Apple Mac. Second-hand or faulty also welcome — 0171 935 0829.

£8,000 NEEDED to clear debts & to start business. Please help. Box 1515.

DISTRAUGHT MOTHER needs £30,000 or any help. Family mentally disabled from extreme harm. Personal and medical papers supplied. AIB 93-52-20, Account 03098-002. Telephone 00353-67-26259.

EYE BET

AMAZING BREAKTHROUGH — how to make serious money from blackjack (not counting!). Start £20. Personal instructions. Guaranteed results. One per area. Details 0421 675366.

TURN YOUR PC INTO an on-line betting shop. Sensational software costs £25 — includes £5 free bets. You must be 18. Call 0800 581 066.

TURN £200 INTO £400, £600, £800 or more. Tel: 0113 235 1742.

EYE CONTACT

1,000 PRETTY GIRLS worldwide seek friendship, romance, marriage. FREE colour photo brochure: CORRESPONDENCE CLUB '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS — Details from J. CROSBIE, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

ANNUAL TRAVEL INSURANCE FROM £46.

With holiday insurance starting from just £46, contact the name you can trust for the best deals on Annual Multi Trip cover. Other policies available – Call for details. For travellers under 65 years only.

GA
General Accident Direct

0800 121 007

Mon – Fri 8am – 8pm,
Sat and Sun 9am – 5pm.
http://www.ga.co.uk/gadirect

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — 0181 348 5229.

MAMMAS & PAPPAS introductions — our ladies have a child, most own home and car. We need male partners NOW. 0181 769 6805.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant", Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you. Successful service for professional people. 0171 839 8884 (day), 0181 297 1424 (any time).

CLUB X — private contacts, weekly adult parties, exclusive magazine, couples/singles. 07000 781 652

HEDONISM PARTIES — decadent uninhibited exhibitionist funloving risque party animals. SAE PO Box 153, Greenford UB6 8LY. 0181 575 2052.

PLUMP PARTNERS — National Dating Agency. If you are plump or prefer a plump partner, ring 01352 715909.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN
marriage introduction arranged.
SUMAN MARRIAGE
BUREAU — Estd 1972,
Telephone 0181 574 4867.

YOUNG LADIES worldwide seek penpals, friends, lifemates. Free details, photos! HERMES, Box 110660/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany. Fax 0049 30 2513318.

MARGARET'S SPECIAL PEN Club — make new friends today UK & overseas. SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ. Est. 1986.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN Introductions Magazine, Leicester LE4 5LN, Tel/Fax: 0116 261 0266.

EYE LOVE

WEST-COUNTRY BUSINESSMAN, mid-40s, married, seeks female lover for occasional fun. Can travel. Box 0215.

LAUNCELOT — presentable, successful, discreet, attached — craves enchanting Guinevere. Anywhere. Box 0315.

SLIM, FIT, post-graduate, 37, seeks friendly, intelligent woman for occasional dinner/theatre in London. Box 0415.

ATTRACTIVE, UNATTACHED, 30 something female academic, gsoh, 2 daughters. Seeks male graduate soulmate. North East. Photo guarantees. Box 0915.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, 36, seeks submissive lady. London. Box 1115.

GORGEOUS, SLIM, compulsive liar. 34, female. Needs witty man to go halves on the price of this fucking ad. SW. Box 1215.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL male, thirties, gsoh, seeks libidinous lady for discreet amorous liaisons. Scotland. Box 1615.

ATTACHED LADY SOUGHT by 30 year old prof male. Slim, single, kind, caring and gentle. Surrey/London. Box 1715.

BLACK MALE ACADEMIC, 38, wltm deep breathing undercover lady. Tied cottage tenant/free spirited/submissive bird welcome. She who dares? Box 1815.

AMERICAN, 50, 6'4", Homes Cheshire, Surrey, seeks youthful sexually uninhibited lady. Box 1315.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply like this:

Box No .....
PRIVATE EYE SMALL ADS
6 CARLISLE STREET
LONDON W1V 5RG

NATALIE — reply to Mr Bailey, County Durham, with phone number and convenient timings. Box 0514.

ASSERTIVE FEMALE seeks male. Midlands. Box 1915.

WEST LONDON MAN — tall, mid-30s, genuine, sometimes (mostly unintentionally) funny. Likes clubbing, talking, eating, swimming. Seeks honest, articulate, quite good-looking, quietly sexy woman. Photo/revealing letter appreciated. Box 0515.

OFFBEAT MANAGING director seeks bright girlfriend to mix business with pleasure. 0171 792 8825 or Box 3706.

EYE SOLDIER

BORED IN BOSNIA — Army officers would like to hear from ladies 18-40 with a view to wine/dine on return to Blighty Feb '97. ALA. Box 0715.

TRANQUIL EX-SQUADDIE seeks fiery minx for passion and adventure. Box 1015.

WE ARE THE PILOTS of a helicopter squadron currently serving the first week of a six month tour in Bosnia, all working very long hours in a cold climate (sob sob), giving our all on the many exciting combat missions we fly, such as delivering the mail, flying BBC reporters or getting the Brigadier back for tea and medals. (Only kidding!) Would any single female readers care to write to us, preferably enclosing a photograph? It would boost our morale no end and would guarantee (well, almost) a reply from one of our many Tom Cruise or Nicholas Cage lookalikes. Box 1415.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS – CLASSIFIED LINEAGE ADVERTISEMENTS
6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

£1.75 PER WORD

DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT/DEBIT CARD:
0171 439 1151

USE THE FORM TO MAIL OR FAX YOUR AD:
0171 437 0705

E-MAIL YOUR AD WITH CC DETAILS:
eyeads@cix.compulink.co.uk

BOX NUMBER FORWARDING SERVICE
(FOR NON-BUSINESS ADVERTISERS) £8

SERIES DISOUNTS
5% FOR 3 ADS / 10% FOR 6 ADS
15% FOR 12 ADS / 20% FOR 26 ADS

THESE PRICES INCLUDE VAT

QUERIES & GENERAL INFORMATION
0171 439 1141

NAME, ADDRESS & TEL NO: _____

_____

_____

_____

Send your advertisement to arrive by deadline date with cheque/postal orders or ACCESS, VISA, MASTERCARD, DELTA, SWITCH number. Do not send cash.

☐ BOX NUMBER REQUIRED

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

CARD NUMBER:

EXPIRY DATE:

ISSUE NUMBER (SWITCH):

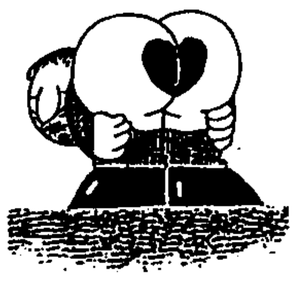
CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE:

_____

FREE VALENTINE'S ISSUE

❤ *Write your loved one a beautiful, romantic, funny, rude, cryptic, signed, anonymous, silly, startling message for the Valentine's classified linage column and you will be sent a free copy of the Valentine issue of PRIVATE EYE to give them!*

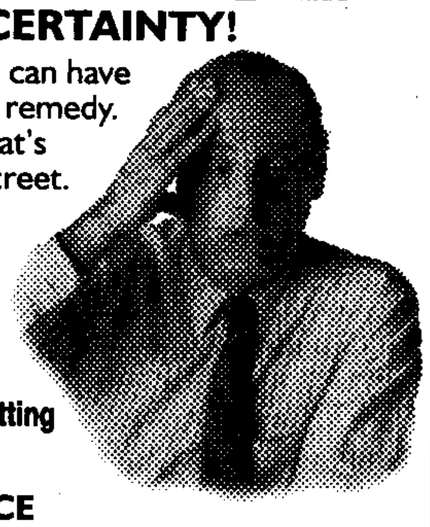
❤ SPECIAL RATE — £1.25 per word (minimum 5 words).



"VALENTINES", PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG or dictate (0171 439 1151) or fax (0171 437 0705) or e-mail (eyeads@cix.compulink.co.uk) with credit or debit card details.

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers and Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
0181-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS FAX 0181 558 1338

PE

Architectural PLANTS

PECULIAR NURSERY
PECULIAR PLANTS
PECULIAR GARDENS

For Free Catalogue Contact :
Architectural Plants, Nuthurst, Horsham
West Sussex RH13 6LH
01403 891772
SEE WHAT YOU THINK

CARTOON ORIGINALS

Cartoons that have appeared in *Private Eye* may be purchased directly from the artists. Write to them by name – where decipherable – at *Private Eye*, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1.

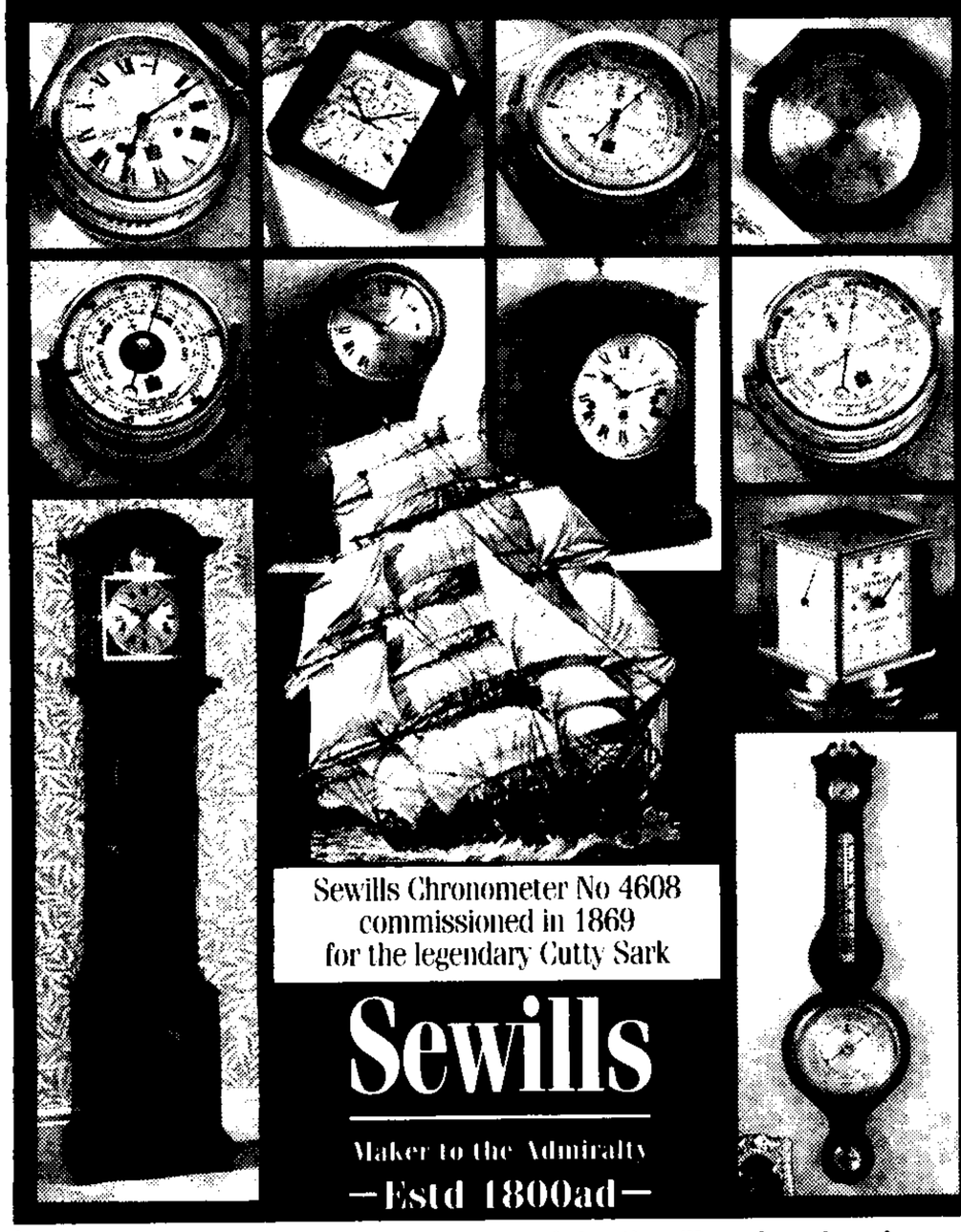
Learn to fly a
HELICOPTER

"PROBABLY THE MOST LIBERATING EXPERIENCE IN THE WORLD"
Call now to book a: available as a gift
Trial Lesson .....(£95 inc vat - briefing + ½hr flight)
Introductory Course .....(£440 inc vat - briefings + 2½hrs flight)

Heli Air Ltd: Training Sales Self Fly Hire
R22 R44 Bell206 Enstrom Hughes 300&500
Nr London: Denham Aerodrome - Jn1a M40, Jn16 M25, Tel. 01895 835899
Nr Birmingham: Wellesbourne Airfield - Jn15 M40, Tel 01789 470478

Bought by H. Sewill Lon 1800ad

Chronometer, Watch and Nautical Instrument maker to, The Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.



Sewills Chronometer No 4608
commissioned in 1869
for the legendary Cutty Sark

Sewills

Maker to the Admiralty
—Estd 1800ad—

APPLY TODAY for your FREE copy of the Sewills colour brochure containing over 150 timepieces and weather instruments. Prices from £20 to £3,000. Plus details of FREE Sewills gifts.

Telephone: **0151 708 0099** quote ref: PE 10

Or fax us on: **0151 708 6777.**

Sewills, Cornhill House, 24 Cornhill, Liverpool L1 8DZ

976

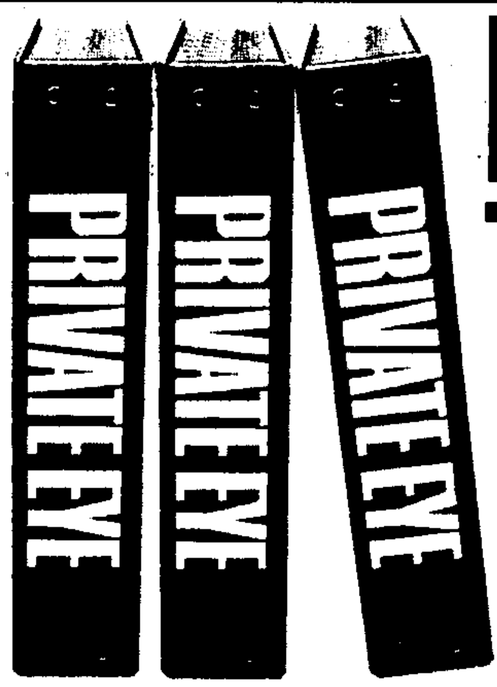
Simply complete the coupon below and post it to: **Sewills, Cornhill House, 24 Cornhill, Liverpool L1 8DZ**

Name:(Mr/Mrs/Ms.) _____ PE 10

Address: _____

_____

_____ Postcode: _____



BINDERS

QUICK, NEAT AND EASY!

Each binder holds 26 issues — a year's worth — and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.
The UK price is now £7.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 70p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?

SEND THE COMPLETED ORDER FORM BELOW WITH YOUR REMITTANCE TO: PRIVATE EYE BINDERS, MORTIMER HOUSE, 230 LAVENDER HILL, LONDON SW11. TELEPHONE 0171 228 0425

I enclose cheque/PO value £ ..... for ..... PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

OR please charge ACCESS / VISA Card expires: ...../.....

CARD NUMBER .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

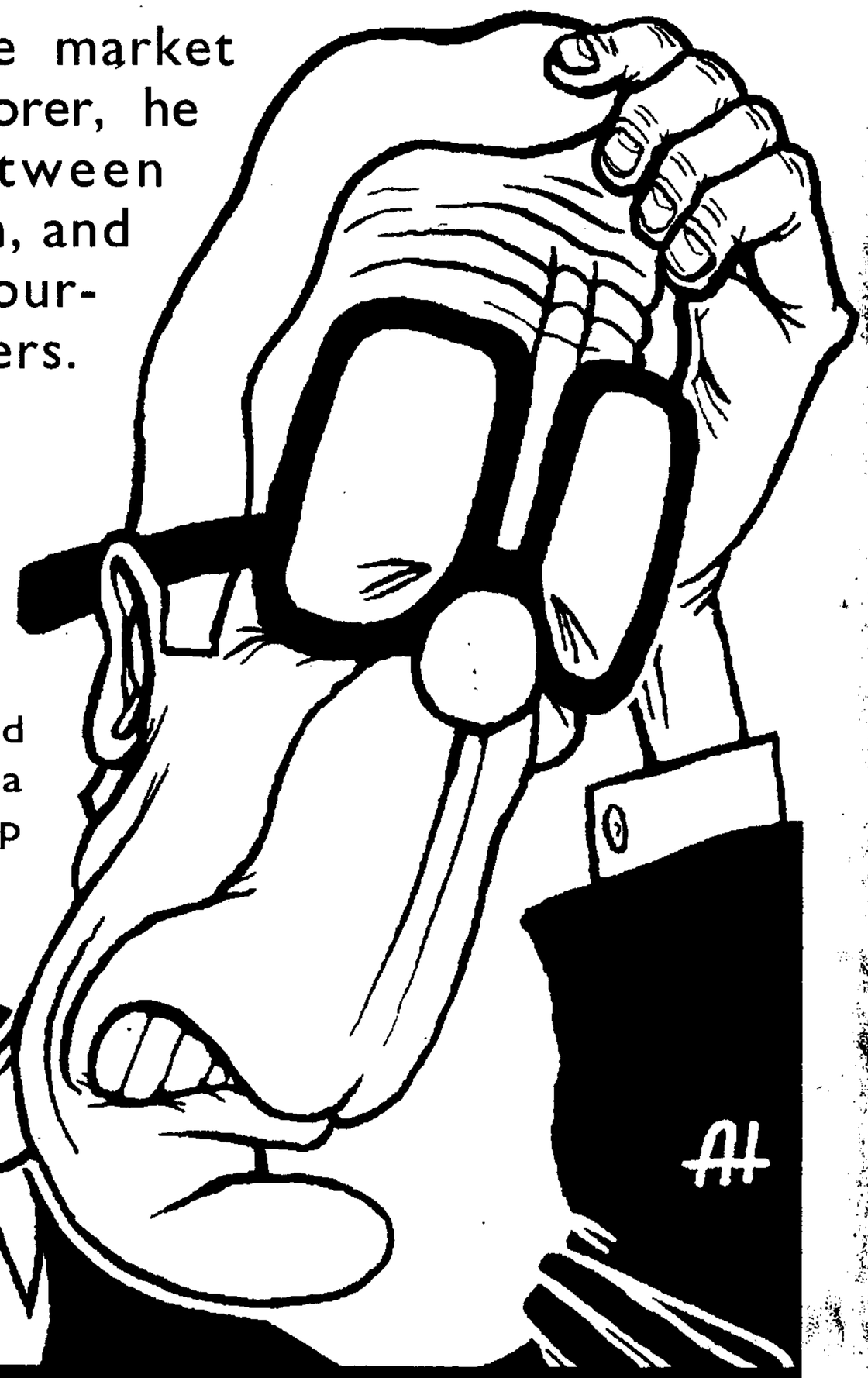
.....

..... Please print and use the postcode

NI NEW INTERNATIONALIST MAGAZINE

John doesn't get it

SO HE DOESN'T KNOW that free market economics is making poor people poorer, he doesn't see the connection between personal greed and the state we're in, and he doesn't understand that helping yourself can be at the expense of others. Don't be like John – get the **NI**.



Each month we tackle one subject in depth. It could be *AIDS* or the *Arms Trade, Human Rights* or *Hunger*. **NI** magazine is quicker to read than a book, right up-to-the-minute – and a one year subscription is just £24.85. But you don't have to take our word for it! Just fill in the box below and we will send you three months' issues **FREE**, plus a full-colour world map (59x84cm). All yours to keep whether or not you subscribe.

FREE 3 ISSUES Plus Map

Post to: New Internationalist, FREEPOST SG599, PO Box 79, Hertford SG14 1YB

Or order direct (9am-5pm Mon-Fri) on FREEPHONE 0800 920199 (Delta, Mastercard and Visa accepted – Please quote code 8G1PA

NO-RISK TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

YES **PLEASE SEND ME MY 3 FREE ISSUES AND FREE MAP.** If I decide to cancel, I will write and tell you within 10 days of receiving my third issue. If I wish to continue, I need do nothing. Starting from the 1st of the following month, you will charge my account annually, until cancelled, the **NI** subscription price (now £24.85).

Direct Debit Instruction – To my bank manager: I instruct you to pay direct debits at the request of **NI**. Amounts are variable and may be debited on various dates. But **NI** may only change them after giving me prior notice. I will tell the bank in writing if I wish to cancel this instruction. If any direct debit is paid which breaks the terms of this instruction the bank will refund me.

POST TO: New Internationalist, Freepost SG599, PO Box 79, Hertford SG14 1YB (no stamp required)

Name (BLOCK LETTERS please)

Address

Postcode

Signed

Date

Bank/Building Soc. Account in the name of

Bank Address

Postcode

Account number

Bank sort code number

Banks may decline to pay direct debits from some kinds of accounts.

8G2PB

Originator's No. 984442. New Internationalist Publications Ltd. Reg in England No 1005239. Reg Office 55 Rectory Road, Oxford, UK. Offer applies only to Direct Debits on UK bank accounts

9 770032 888044 01

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 0171-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 0171-223 9971